

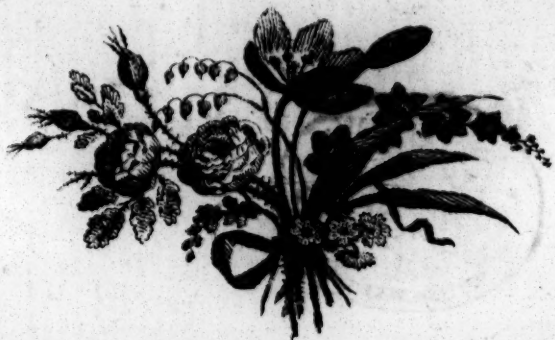
A
S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.

VOL. II,



239 P38

A
S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.
V O L U M E T H E S E C O N D.



— APIS MATINÆ
MORE MODOQUE
GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM
PLURIMUM.

HOR.

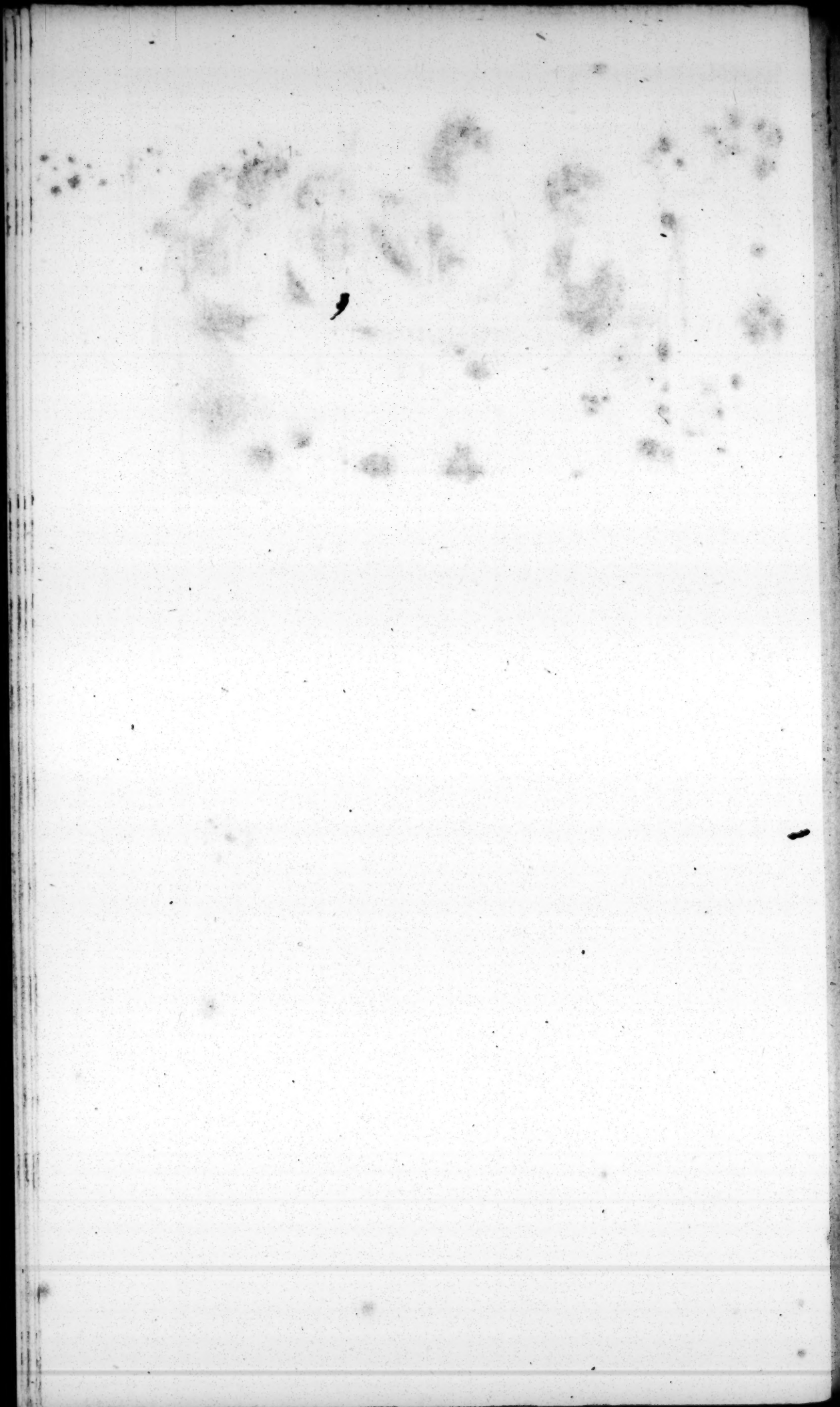
L O N D O N:
Printed for J. JOHNSON in St. Pauls Church-yard,
MDCCLXXXIII.

SELECTED
COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOLUME THE SECOND.



PART THE THIRD.

DRINKING-SONGS.





DRINKING SONGS.

SONG I.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
 Their face, and their air, and their mien—what a rout !
 Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increas'es, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

VOL. II.

B

'Tis

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreons cafes, see page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound :
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG II.

" R O U N D O . "

BETTER our heads than hearts should ake,
 Loves childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wife.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
 And takes the terror off from war ;
 To loves affliction it gives ease,
 And to our joys does best prepare,

Better our heads than hearts should ake,
 Loves childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wife.

S O N G

DRINKING SONGS.

3

SONG III.

SOME fay women are like the seas,
Some the waves, and some the rocks ;
Some the rose that soon decays ;
Some the weather, and some the cocks :
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
As wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

Women are witches, when they will,
So is wine, so is wine ;
They make the statesman lose his skill,
The foldier, lawyer, and divine ;
They put a gig in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool :
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale ?
What is't that makes your looks divine ?
What is't that makes your courage to fail ?
Is it not women ? Is it not wine ?
'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well ;
'Tis women that make your forehead to swell :
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG IV.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass ;
But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

B 2

They

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends,

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses and babies, and squalling, and strife ;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old age ;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t' other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord ;
But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG V.

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hoghead whene'er she sees me ;
For I smell like a beast, and therefor must I,
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue so to my lifes end ?
Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task :
Let her go to the devil !—bring the other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear :
Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
I had balk'd her and gone to St. Jameses to prayers.

Had she had me read homilies three times a day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say;
 But, at night, to deny me my bottle of red,
 Let her go to the devil!—there's no more to be said.

SONG VI.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

SONG VII.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY MR. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

A Book, a friend, a song, a glass,
 A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
 To mortals various joys impart,
 Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice

DRINKING SONGS.

7

Thrice happy they who, careless, laid
Beneath a kind-embowering shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Mean while the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit ;
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthé too be there.
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring.
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest !
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And splendid cares, and guilty joys :—
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
And a chaste laughter-loving lass.

DRINKING SONGS.

SONG VIII.

PLATOS ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:—
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls:—
When Jove us calls we must obey.

* An alteration of a poem, written by the rev. mr. Mathew
(husband of the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington, beginning,

“ Why, Lycidas, should man be vain.”

DRINKING SONGS.

SONG IX.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay,
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away :
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasantest when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see.
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent to woman,
But none in a brimmer can be.

SONG X.

BID me, when forty winters more,
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
When from my head, a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and slow scarce steals along ;
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire :

Shall

10 D R I N K I N G S O N G S .

Shall then that rebel man presume
 (Inverting natures law) to seize
The dues of age in youths high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No—let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy chearfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love, be near:
All charms me that to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she that's kind, is fair.

S O N G X I .

B Y M R . G A Y . *

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
She alone, who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

* In the Beggars Opera.

DRINKING SONGS.

11

SONG XII.

BY DR. DALTON. *

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well,

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by ;
An hour is long, if lost in care ;
They only live, who life enjoy.

SONG XIII. †

COME now, all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us ;
Crown with joy, the present hours,
Enliven those before us.

Bring the flask, the music bring.
Joy shall quickly find us ;
Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing ;
And cast dull care behind us.

Love thy godhead I adore,
Source of generous passion ;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols wealth or fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

* In his excellent alteration of the Masque of Comus.

† Altered and enlarged from the *finale* of Bickerstaffs School for Fathers.

Friendship

DRINKING SONGS.

Friendship with thy smile divine,
 Brighten all our features ;
 What but friendship, love and wine
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the deuce should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder ;
 Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away
 Spite of all our sorrow ;
 Heighten every joy to-day,
 Never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music-bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

SONG XIV.

CATO'S ADVICE.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day :
 And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
 His bags to increase, while his health does decay,
 Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
 And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All

All chearful and hearty, we set aside party,
 With some tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd ;
 Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
 While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd :
 See, here's our physician, we know no ambition,
 But where there's good wine and good company found ;
 Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
 'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

SONG XV.

FROM ANACREON.

IF gold could lengthen life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest care,
 To get a heap, that I might say,
 When death came to demand his pay,
 Thou slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague myself for nought ;
 Or foolishly disturb the skies
 With vain complaints, or fruitless cries ?
 For if the fatal destinies
 Have all decreed it shall be so,
 What good will gold or crying do ?

Give me, to ease my thirsty soul,
 The joys and comforts of the bowl ;
 Freedom and health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what love can give :
 Then shall I die in peace, and have
 This consolation in the grave,
 That once I had the world my slave.

SONG

SONG XVI.

AN HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorboe and voice :
The changeable world
To our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust.
In frolics dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing
An hundred years hence.

We'll kiss and be free
With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have oysters and lobsters,
And maids by the belly.
Fish dinners will make
A lass spring like a flea;
Dame Venus, loves goddess,
Was born of the sea :
With Bacchus and her
We'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it
An hundred years hence.

Your

Your most beautiful bit,
That hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty fells
For a hogoe of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness
Doth shine in such splendour,
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her;
Though now she be pleasant,
And sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred years hence.

The usurer, that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth,
And pines in his plenty;
Lays up for a season
Which he shall ne'er see,
The year one thousand
Eight hundred and three:
His wit, and his wealth,
His learning, and sense,
Shall be turned to nothing
An hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-lawyers,
Whose subtilty thrives,
In spinning out suits
To the length of three lives;

Such

Such suits which the clients
 Do wear out in slavery,
 Whilst pleader makes conscience
 A cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtlety
 In the present tense,
 But *Non est inventus*
 An hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil
 In cares and in fears,
 Turn all our tranquility
 To sighs and to tears?
 Let's eat, drink, and play,
 Till the worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain, *post mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
 Let's deal with our damsels,
 That we may from thence,
 Have broods to succeed us
 An hundred years hence. O.

SONG XVII.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
 Who'd for love or beauty pine.

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Phillis, though just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board;
 He subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword.

S O N G XVIII.

AS swift as time put round the glaſs,
 And huſband well lifes little ſpace;
 Perhaps your ſun, which ſhines ſo bright,
 May ſet in everlaſting night.

Or, if the ſun again ſhould riſe,
 Death, ere the morn, may cloſe your eyes;
 Then drink, before it be too late,
 And ſnatch the preſent hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round;
 Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound;
 In theſe alone true wiſdom lies,
 For, to be merry's to be wiſe.

S O N G XIX.*

BUSY, curious, thirſty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'ſt thou ſip and ſip it up.
 Make the moſt of life you may,
 Life is ſhort, and wears away.

* “ Made extempore by a Gentleman, occaſion'd by a Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale.”

VOL. II.

C

Both

ander

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline:
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

SONG XX.

ANACREON ON HIMSELF.

BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul;
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.
 When full cups my cares expell,
 Sober counsels then farewell;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.

DRINKING SONGS.

19

When from goblets deep and wide,
I exhaust the generous tide,
All my soul unbends—I play,
Gamesome with the young and gay.

S O N G XXI.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Now the hours invite, comply ;
Whilst you idly pause, they fly :
Blest, a nimble pace they keep ;
But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;
Soon your spring must have a fall ;
Loosing youth, is losing all :
Then you'll ask, but none will give ;
And may linger, but not live.

S O N G XXII.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles :
I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates will is:
You, my boy,
Must go
(The gods will have it so)
To the siege of Troy ;
Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before those walls to be slain.

C 2

Ne'er

Ne'er let your noble courage be cast down ;
 But, all the while you lie before the town,
 Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry ;
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

O.

SONG XXIII.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppress us ;
 Riches are to them a snare ;
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget ;
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
 We are toping off our bowls ;
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,
 Death, begone, here's none but souls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling Death away shall fly ;
 Ever after understanding,
 Drinking souls can never die.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

EVERY man take a glafs in his hand,
 And drink a good health to the king;
 Many years may he rule o'er this land;
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring:
 Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,
 Let ev'ry man strive for his countrys peace;
 Neither tory nor whig
 With their parties look big:
 Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name
 That proves a man loyal and just;
 Let him fight for his countrys fame,
 Be impartial at home if in trust;
 'Tis this that proves him an honest soul,
 His health we'll drink in a brimful bowl:
 Then let's leave off debate,
 No confusion create;
 Here's a health to all honest men.

When a company's honestly met,
 With intent to be merry and gay,
 Their drooping spirits to whet,
 And drown the fatigues of the day;
 What madness is it thus to dispute,
 When neither side can his man confute?
 When you've said what you dare,
 You're but just where you were,
 Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
 And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name ;
 Let your enemies trembling see,
 That an Englishman's always the fame ;
 For our king, our church, our law, and right,
 Let's lay by all feuds, and straight unite,
 Then who need care a fig,
 Who's a tory or whig :
 Here's a health to all honest men.

SONG XXV.

BY TOM BROWN.

WINE, wine in a morning
 Makes us frolic and gay,
 That like eagles we soar,
 In the pride of the day ;
 Gouty fots of the night
 Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
 And to drinking gives light ;
 We imitate him,
 When by noon we're at height ;
 They steal wine, who take it
 When he's out of fight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines ;
 The higher he rises
 The more he refines,
 For wine and wit fall
 As their maker declines.

SONG

SONG XXVI.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of his brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast;
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when blest'd with such rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
 Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a dish
 Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow,
 Hob as great as a prince dancing after the plow!
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

SONG XXVII.

FROM ANACREON.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY ESQ.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
 And thirsts, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants set in the earth, they are
 By constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself, which, one would think,
 Should have but little need to drink,
 Drinks many a thousand rivers up,
 Into his overflowing cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
 By his drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the sea, and when that's done,
 The moon and stars drink up the sun.

They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night;
 Nothing in nature's sober found,
 But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill it high;
 Fill all the glasses here; for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why?

SONG XXVIII.

BY ARTHUR DAWSON ESQ.*

YE good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where there's claret good store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,
 But greatly delighted,
 With six bottles more:
 Be sure you don't pass
 The good house Money Glass,
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more,
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses,
 Or tip of an ear:
 Come hither, I'll show you
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
 For what mortal so stupid
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

* Third baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Who is said to have translated it from one of the compositions of Carolan, a celebrated modern Irish bard.

Ye poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicons brook,
 Though all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward of your rhimes,
 With Humphrey the duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the muses, those senseless old crones ;
 Our jingling of glasses
 Your rhiming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne :
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year :

Come

DRINKING SONGS.

27

Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine,
What is life without wine?
Then away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust!
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be fee'd:
Leave musty reports,
And forsake the kings courts,
Where Dulness and Discord have set up their thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
With all your damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
Whose knowlege consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe
Have at your devotion
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case:
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister, and bleed?
When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, 'squire Jones.

DRINKING SONGS.

Ye foxhunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
 Who your ladies forsake,
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the brake
 Where the vermin is found :
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Duches and Trueman ;
 No music is found in such dissonant tones :
 Would you ravish your ears
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark away to the claret, a bumper, 'squire Jones.

SONG XXIX.

IN THE PRAISE OF SACK.

BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

LISTEN all, I pray,
 To the words I've to say,
 In memory sure insert 'em ;
 Rich wines do us raise
 To the honour of bays ;
Quem non fecere desertum ?

Of all the juice
 Which the gods produce,
 Sack shall be preferr'd before 'em ;
 'Tis sack that shall
 Create us all
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

DRINCING SONGS.

29

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa Solis and damnable hum;
But we will crack
In the praise of sack,
'Gainst *omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine
Which in former time
Each wise one of the Magi
Was wont to carouse
In a frolicsome blouse,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane
And a rope be their shame,
Let the gout and the cholic pine 'em
That offer to shrink
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, sive Latinum.

Let the glafs go round,
Let the quart pot found;
Let each one do as he's done to;
Avaunt ye that hug
The abominable jug.
'Mongst us *heteroclita sunt.*

There's

DRINKING SONGS.

There's no such disease
 As he that doth please
 His palate with beer for to shame us ;
 'Tis sack makes us sing,
 Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute
 Or does poorly dispute,
 That drinks not wine as we men do ;
 The more a man drinks,
 Like a subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

'Tis true our souls,
 By the lousy bowls
 Of beer that doth naught but swill us,
 Do go into swine,
 (Pythagoras 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis et illas.

When I've sack in my brain
 I'm in a merry vein,
 And this to me a bliss is ;
 Him that is wise
 I can justly despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses ?

DRINKING SONGS.

31

How it cheers the brains !
How it warms the veins !
How against all crosses it arms us !
How it makes him that's poor
Courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his tale :
By sack he that waxes,
In our syntaxis,
Eft verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame ?
Call for sack and thou shalt have it ;
'Twill make him rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolic rounds,
We have merry go-downs.
Yet nothing is done at random ;
For when we're to pay,
We club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

How

The

DRINKING SONGS.

The blades that want cash,
 Have credit for cash,
 They'll have sack whatever it cost'em;
 They do not pay
 Till another day,
Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er fails to drink
 All clear from the brink,
 With a smooth and even swallow,
 I'll offer at his shrine,
 And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
 And ne'er has his fill,
 Hath a passage like a conduit:
 The sack doth inspire
 In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaff,
 If any go off,
 And sily offer to pass ye,
 Give their nose a twitch,
 And kick 'em in the breech
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have

I have told you plain,
And will tell you again,
Be he furious as Orlando,
He is an ass
That from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.

SONG XXX.

COME fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have ;
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate him an inch,
Though I drink myself into the grave.
Here's a health then to those jolly souls,
Who like me will ne'er give o'er ;
Who no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
And merry stickle for more.
Drown reason, and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command,
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand ?
Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to positive thinking.
Tell'em all, I'll have fix in my hand,
For I've trifled an age away :
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.
Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry ;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

SONG XXXI.

RAIL no more ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.
 Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure,
 Enter Jollity and Joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

SONG XXXII.

THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.*

DIOGENES surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is truth:
 Till growing as poor as a job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

* Consisted originally of but six verses. The author afterwards inserted a number of additional stanzas, of which, those included within crotchets have been sometimes printed as part of the song. The whole is contained in a little pamphlet, intitled *Wine and Wisdom, or the Tipling Philosophers*, a lyric poem: Lond. 1710.

Heraclitus would never deny
 A bumper to comfort his heart,
 But when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had emptied his quart :
 Though some are so foolish to think
 He wept at mans folly and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple and cherish his soul ;
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a full flowing bowl :
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

[Wise Solon, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
 Though a king, to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But, drinking, much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.]

[Old Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts
 Which he drank like a miser at home :
 And to show he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, we may truly aver it,
 That he tinctur'd the bath with his blood,
 So fancied he died in his claret.]

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
 Because that he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak :
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.]

Copernicus, like to the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And fancied a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancied the world like his brains,
 Run round like a chariot wheel.

[Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
 By Athens so greatly ador'd,
 With a bottle would boldly engage,
 When mellow, was brisk as a bird ;
 Would chat, tell a story, and jest,
 Most pleasantly over a glass,
 And thought a dumb guest at a feast,
 But a dull philosophical ass.]

[Anaxarchus,

[Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,
By pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
Should waste the remains of his breath :
But sure he was free with the glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain,
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas !
I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.]

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine ;
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as large as a watering trough ;
He therefore jump'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

[When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd,
Exactly the same as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard :
For things running round in his drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the skeptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.]

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He wisely to virtue was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits we never had known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

DRINKING SONGS.

SONG XXXIII.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY. *

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were lovers of the bottle ;
 Poets, painters, and musicians,
 Churchmen, lawyers, and physicians,
 All admire a pretty lass,
 All require a chearful glass :
 Ev'ry pleasure has its season,
 Love and drinking are no treason.

SONG XXXIV.

FROM MILTON. †

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

* In the burlesque opera of the Dragon of Wantley.

† In the Masque of Comus.

SONG

SONG XXXV.

BY DR. DALTON.*

BY the gayly circling glafs
We can see how the minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told,
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

SONG XXVI.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN ESQ.†

THIS bottle's the fun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We -- planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound!
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

SONG XXXVII.

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup,
As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

* In the Masque of Comus.

† In the Duenna.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts in the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do ;
 I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars or constellations ;
 For I am no fir Sydrophele,
 Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my fairs are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

SONG XXXVIII.

FROM ANACREON.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave ;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury't there.

Let

DRINKING SONGS.

41

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars.
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul.

SONG XXXIX.

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;
That bliss in externals no mortal can find,
And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
'Tis something within him, and nothing without;
This something, they said, was the source of content,
And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin;
But, ye gods! how divine if we get it within;
'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root,
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;
But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The

The richest and greatest are poor and repine,
 If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine;
 But wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
 He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,
 Externals without it are nothing to me;
 Come fill, and this truth from a bumper you'll know,
 That wine is, of blessings, the blessing below.

SONG XL.

IN PRAISE OF WINE.

BY BEN JONSON?

LET soldiers fight for pay and praise,
 And money be the misers wish;
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish:
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
 Therefor give me the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,
 And in a lovers lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear;
 We have the native red and white.
 'Tis wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout, and culver salmon,
 And how to please your palates think;
 Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,
 Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
 'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
That lively that before was dull;
Those grow good fellows that are grave,
And kindness flows from cups brim-full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the tific, some the rheum,
Some have the palsy, some the gout;
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
But they are found that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and some want wealth;
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowls.

SONG XLI.

A BACCHANALIAN RANT.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine;
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine!
Stock'd with nothing else but wine;
Let wine its only product be,
Let wine be earth, and air, and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Le

Let other mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care;
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG XLII.

[I Am the king and prince of 'drinkers,'
 Ranting, rattling, jovial boys:
 We despise your fullen thinkers,
 And fill the tavern with 'our' noise,
 We sing and we roar,
 And we drink and call for more,
 And make more noise than twenty can;
 'Tis therefore all we swear,
 That the man who knows no care,
 He only deserves the name of a man.]

My friend and I we drank whole pifspots
 Full of sack up to the brim:
 I drank to my friend, and he drank his pot,
 So we put about the whim;
 Three bottles and a quart,
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 But hang such puny fips as these;
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tipp'd whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop that drank whole tankards,
 Stil'd himself the prince of fots:
 But I say now hang such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flaggons, break their pots.

My

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door;
We drank it all up,
In the morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip:
Then we embark'd upon the ocean,
Where we found a Spanish ship,
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The failors swore five hundred tun;
We drank it all at sea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone,

My friend, not having quench'd his thirst,
Said, let us to the vineyards haste:
Straight then we sail'd to the Canaries,
Which afforded just a taste;
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drank up all the wine,
'Till Bacchus cried, Hold, ye fots, or ye die;
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,
Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out, fie! cries one, what a beast he makes him!
He can neither stand nor go.
Out, you beast you, you're much mistaken,
Whene'er knew you a beast drink so?

'Tis

'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast;
 But when we carouse it fix in hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG XLII.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care,
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear:
 The Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin full of wine,
 Incumbered neither with care nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you in half so much fear,
 Should he in Apulias forest appear;
 In Africas desert there never was seen
 A monster so hated by gods and by men.

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
 Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine;
 O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
Even there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may Job me, and lay me down rules ;
Who minds them but dull philosophical fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain ;
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a lord :
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay ;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

SONG XLIV.

[FROM AURELIUS AUGURELLUS.]

BY DR. PARNELL.

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourts wine,
A noble meal bespoke us ;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The

Or

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus Jocus plac'd;
Thus wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the spritely god,
Each sweet engaging grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiters place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the las,
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus tofs'd his brimmer o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much
'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests run all the table round,
And with the wine conspire
(While they by sly reflection wound)
To set their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
By reck'ning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits.

And

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,
And had I Homers pen;
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them soon agree;
And had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some dart to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And beauty close embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

E

Bacchus

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
 For one fresh glass prepare;
 They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
 And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
 This our instructive song;
 For though such friendships may be dear,
 They can't continue long.

SONG XLV.

A TRUE AND LAMENTABLE BALLAD;

CALLED

THE EARLS DEFEAT.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chase.

BY THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

On both sides slaughter and gigantick deeds.

MILTON.

GOD prosper long from being broke
 The Luck * of Eden-Hall,
 A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
 There lately did befall.

To chafe the spleen with cup and can
 Duke Philip took his way,
 Babes yet unborn shall never see
 The like of such a day.

* A pint bumper at fir Christopher Musgraves.

The

The stout and ever-thirsty duke
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave too of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The earl of Harolds ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus slighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, master sberiff, come you too;
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo! yonder doth earl Harold come;
(Did one at table say;)
'Tis well, replied the mettled duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began, great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, sure this
You did not learn in France.

One of us two, for this offence,
Under the board shall lie;
I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But, trust me, Wharton, pity it were,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide;
Accurs'd be he, duke Wharton said,
By whom it is denied.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espied
He had the earl secure;
He plied him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downward sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton fees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke Philip took
The sick man by the joint,
And said, earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drunk the pint.

Alack!

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink,
For surely a more sober earl
Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,
To see the earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd sir Kit.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-Hall,
Fast by the river Swale.

Who said he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by ;
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room,
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid.

O heavy tidings ! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witness be,
I have not any toper more,
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him (said the earl)
 Sith 'twill no better be,
 I trust I have within my town,
 As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
 Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;
 But with a bumper in his hand,
 He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end;
 And each man of the slain
 Were quickly carried off to bed,
 Their senses to regain.

God blefs the king, the duchefs fat,
 And keep the land in peace,
 And grant that drunkenness henceforth
 'Mong noblemen may cease.

And likewise blefs our royal prince,
 The nations other hope,
 And give us grace for to defy
 The Devil and the Pope.

S O N G XLVI.

COME, come, my hearts of gold,
 Let us be merry and wise,
 It is a proverb of old,
 Suspicion has double eyes:

Whatever

Whatever we say or do,
 Let's not drink to disturb the brain,
 Let's laugh for an hour or two,
 And ne'er be drunk again.

A cup of old sack is good,
 To drive the cold winter away ;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the blood
 Most when a mans spirits decay :-
 But he that drinks too much,
 Of his head he will complain
 Then let's have a gentle touch,
 And ne'er be drunk again.

Good claret was made for man,
 But man was not made for it ;
 Let's be merry as we can,
 So we drink not away our wit ;
 Good fellowship is abus'd,
 And wine will infect the brain ;
 But we'll have it better us'd,
 And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good fellows we meet,
 A quart among three or four,
 'Twill make us stand on our feet,
 While others lie drunk on the floor.
 Then, drawer, go fill us a quart,
 And let it be claret in grain ;
 'Twill cherish and comfort the heart,
 But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a health to our noble king,
 And to the queen of his heart;
 Let's laugh, and merrily sing,
 And he's a coward that will start;
 Here's a health to our general,
 And to those that were in Spain,
 And to our colonel,
 And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a feast,
 If a man did but measure know;
 A drunkard's worse than a beast,
 For he'll drink till he cannot go.
 If a man could time recall,
 In a tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be sober all,
 And we'd ne'er be drunk again.

SONG XLVII.

BY MR. GARRICK.

YE true honest Britons who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
 Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd fruit,
 But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with our
 poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-jaws ring,
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking britons are souls,
 Who will spend their last drop for their country and
 king.

Let us sing our own treasures, old Englands good cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

SONG XLVIII.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
 And winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do fit and curse the frosts and snows,
 Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poets wit and pen,
 Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
 And forms the march of Swedish drum,
 Disputes with princes, laws and rights,
 What's done and past tells mortal wights
 And what's to come.

Ale,

Ale, that the plowmans heart upkeeps,
 And equals it to tyrants thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps,
 The o'er wearied bones.

Grand child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wines; emulous neighbour if but stale,
 Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each mans heart with laughter,
 Oh ! give me ale.

O.

S O N G X L I X .

THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE.

NOT drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
 I met with a friend in Alesbury vale ;
 He saw by my face, that I was in good case
 To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet,
 (And he put me in mind of the name of the dale)
 For Alesburys sake some pains I would take,
 And not bury the praise of a pot of good ale.

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me
 If the ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
 To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
 And fall to commend a pot of good ale.

Quoth

Quoth I, to commend it I dare not begin,
 Left therein my credit might happen to fail ;
 For many men now do count it a fin,
 But once to look toward a pot of good ale.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such fin,
 Nor any thing else my courage to quail :
 For this we do find, that take it in kind,
 Much virtue there is in a pot of good ale.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac'd,
 Nor the merry-go-down without pull or hale,
 Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,
 With the fragrant sweet scent of a pot of good ale.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the sight,
 To see how it flowers and mantles in graile,
 As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
 The true orient colour of a pot of good ale.

But I mean the mind and the good it doth find ;
 Not only the body so feeble and frail ;
 For body and soul may bless the black bowl,
 Since both are beholden to a pot of good ale.

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,
 And sorrow and grief the heart do assail,
 No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
 And to wash away cares with a pot of good ale.

The widow that buried her husband of late,
 Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wail.
 And think every day twain, till she marry again,
 If she read the contents of a pot of good ale.

It

It is like the belly-blast to a cold heart,
And warms and engenders the spirits vitale,
To keep them from damage all sp'rits owe their homage,
To the sprite of the buttery, a pot of good ale.

And down the legs to the virtue doth go,
And to a bad footman is as good as a fail;
When it fills the veins, and makes light the brains:
No lacky so nimble as a pot of good ale.

The naked complains not for want of a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail;
All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrapp'd in a pot of good ale.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomach would brook a ten-penny nail;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a pot of good ale.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge nor quail,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread, and a pot of good ale.

The shepherd, the sower, the thresher, the mower,
The one with his scythe, the other with his flail,
Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my soul,
All will hold up their hands to a pot of good ale.

The blacksmith whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still without e'er a veil,
Though his throat be full dry he will tell you no lie
But where you may be sure of a pot of good ale.

Whoever

Whoever denies it, the pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at the grate and, lie in the jail,
For even in their fetters, they think themselves better,
May they get but a twopenny black pot of good ale.

The beggar whose portion is always his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,
Is as rich in his rags as the churl in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet and mail,
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,
If he once be enrich'd with a pot of good ale.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himself quite at the plough-tail,
Will speak no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the top of a pot of good ale.

'Tis like a whetstone to a blunt wit,
And makes a supply where nature doth fail ;
The dullest wit soon will look quite through the moon,
If his temples be wet with a pot of good ale.

Then Dick to his dearling full boldly dares speak,
Though before (silly fellow) his courage did quail,
He gives her the smouch, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a pot of good ale.

And it makes the carter a courtier straitway,
With rhetorical terms he will tell his tale,
With courtesies great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a pot of good ale.

The

The old man whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
(For old age by nature doth drivell and drale)
Will frig and will fling like a dog in a string,
If he warm his cold blood with a pot of good ale.

And the good old clerk whose sight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the print is too small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a pot of good ale.

The cheeks and the jaws to commend it have cause ;
For where they were late but even wan and pale,
They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
By the true dye and tincture of a pot of good ale.

Mark her enemies, though they think themselves wise,
How meagre they look, with how low a wale,
How their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,
That alien their minds from a pot of good ale.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
Methinks I were able to give by retail,
Commodities store, a dozen and more,
That flow to mankind from a pot of good ale.

The Muses would muse any should it misuse :
For it makes them to sing like a nightingale,
With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat,
With the Caballine spring of a pot of good ale.

And the musician of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his scale ;
It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,
If he drink *alternatim* a pot of good ale.

The

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

For ballads Elderton never had beer,
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale;
And with all the fails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a pot of good ale.

And the power of it shows, no whit less in prose,
It will fill ones phrase, and set forth his tale:
Fill him but a bowl, it will make his tongue troul,
For flowing speech flows from a pot of good ale.

And master philosopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the husk or the shale,
But go to the kernel by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottom of a pot of good ale.

Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that an ape hath no tail,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a pot of good ale.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the virtues morale,
Then think it not much if a little I touch,
The good moral parts of a pot of good ale,

To the church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our forefathers their wisdom did fail,
That at every mile, next to the church stile,
Set a consecrate house to a pot of good ale.

But now, as they say, beer bears it away ;
The more is the pity, if right might prevail ;
For with this same beer, came up heresy here,
The old catholic drink is a pot of good ale.

The churches much owe, as we all do know,
For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
By a Whitsun or Church-ale up again they shall go,
And owe their repairing to a pbt of good ale.

Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveal ;
For they that will drink, will speak what they think :
Tom Tell-troth lies hid in a pot of good ale.

It is Justices friend, she will it commend,
For all is here served by measure and tale ;
Now true-tale, and good measure are Justices treasure,
And much to the praise of a pot of good ale.

And next, I alledge it is Fortitudes edge,
For a very cow-herd, that shrinks like a snail,
Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but arm'd with a pot of good ale.

Yea ale hath her knights and squires of degree,
That never wore corslet, nor yet shirt of mail,
But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot and the wall,
When once they were dubb'd with a pot of good ale.

And sure it will make a man suddenly wise,
Ere while was scarce able to tell a right tale :
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
As made a right benchman of a pot of good ale.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
 In buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
 Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
 And seal up his match with a pot of good ale.

But for soberness needs must I confess,
 The matter goes hard; and few do prevail
 Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
 Such is the attractive of a pot of good ale.

But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
 And ever doth tend to the best avail;
 If you take it too deep it will make you but sleep;
 So comes no great harm of a pot of good ale.

If, reeling, they happen to fall to the ground,
 The fall is not great, they may hold by the rail:
 If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
 For that gift is given to a pot of good ale.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,
 Fear not that alarm, though flesh be but frail,
 It will prove that some blows, or at most a bloody nose,
 And friends again strait with a pot of good ale.

And phyfic will favour ale as it is bound,
 And be against beer both tooth and nail;
 They send up and down, all over the town,
 To get for their patients a pot of good ale.

Their ale-berries, caudles, and possets each one,
 And syllabubs made at the milking pail,
 Although they be many, beer comes not in any,
 But all are compos'd with a pot of good ale.

And in very deed the hop's but a weed,
Brought o'er against law, and here set to sale:
Would the law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd,
But, all men betake them to a pot of good ale.

The law that will take it under his wing,
For, at every law-day, or moot of the hale,
One is sworn to serve our sovereign lord the king,
In the ancient office of conner of ale.

There's never a lord of a manor or of a town,
By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a franchise, and a flow'r of the crown,
To hold the assize of a pot of good ale.

And though there lie writs from the courts paramount,
To stay the proceedings of the courts paravaile;
Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,
There lies no prohibition to a pot of good ale.

They talk much of state, both early and late,
But if Gascoigne and Spain their wine should but fail,
No remedy then with us Englishmen,
But the state it must stand by a pot of good ale.

But they that sit by it, are good men and quiet,
No dangerous plotters in the common-weal,
Of treason and murder; for they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for a pot of good ale.

To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king,
That devis'd for the nation (by the Welshmens tale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a pot of good ale.

They

The North they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
Where every river gives name to a dale :
There men are yet living that are of th'old fashion,
No nectar they know but a pot of good ale.

The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seal :
The Picts were undone, slain each mothers son,
For not teaching the Scots to make hether ale.

But hither and thither, it skills not much whether :
For drink must be had, men live not by kail,
Nor by haver-banocks, nor by haver-janocks,
The thing the Scots live on is a pot of good ale.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale :
Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
Than to die by the part of a pot of good ale.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame,
It is their own doings to break o'er the pale :
And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a pot of good ale.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
Though he drink no beer any day in the year,
By the radical humour of a pot of good ale.

But to speak of killing them am I not willing ;
For that in a manner were but to rail ;
But beer hath its name, 'cause it brings to the bier,
Therefor well fare say I to a pot of good ale.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths prove this,
 And therefor (if ancient records do not fail)
 He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a rope,
 And found his beer far more bitter than ale.

O ale *ab alendo*, the liquor of life!
 That I had but a mouth as big as a whale!
 For mine is but little to touch the least tittle
 That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale,

Thus (I trow) some virtues I have mark'd you out,
 And never a vice in all this long trail,
 But that after the pot there cometh a shot,
 And that's th'only blot of a pot of good ale.

With that my friend said, that blot will I bear,
 You have done very well, it is time to strike fail,
 We'll have six pots more, though I die on the score,
 To make all this good of a pot of good ale.

O.

SONG LI.

ON ALE.*

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
 Whilst others pastorals invite,
 As taste or whim prevail,
 Assist me, all ye tuneful nine!
 Support me in the great design,
 To sing of nappy ale.

* This ballad is printed as *mr. Gays*, in some editions of his works.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail ;
But wine, that's richer, better still,
E'en wine itself (deny't who will)
Must yield to nappy ale.

Rum, brandy, gin with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,
All these will nought avail ;
To chear a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
Like humming nappy ale,

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard hail ;
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the gen'rous spirit vent,
Still may I feast on ale.

But chief when to the chearful glafs,
From vessel pure thy streamlets pass,
Then most thy charms prevail ;
Then, then I'll bett, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up :
See how it sparkles in the cup ;
Oh ! how shall I regale !
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy ale ?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover woos, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale ;
And still in Britains isle confest,
Nought animates the patriots breast
Like gen'rous nappy ale,

High church and low oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each studious to prevail ;
Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
In all things else do both unite
In praise of nappy ale,

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europes scale ;
While his rich landlord lays out schemes
Of wealth in golden South-sea dreams,
Th'effects of nappy ale.

O blest

O blest potation ! fill by thee,
And thy companion, liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail ;
Then let us crown the can, the glafs,
And sportive bid the minutes pafs
In quaffing nappy ale.

Ev'n while thefe ftanzas I indite,
The bar-bells grateful founds invite
Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my mufe, adieu ! I hafte
To gratify my longing tafte
With copious draughts of ale.

S O N G LII. *

BACKE and fide go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde :
But bellye, God fende thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

I Cannot eat but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good ;
But fure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare take ye no care,
I am nothings a colde ;
I stuff my skyn fo full within,
Of ioly good ale and olde.

* From " A ryght pithy, pleafaunt and merie comedie : Intytuled Gammer Gurtons Nedle." London. 1575. — This very humorous ancient drama is preferved, amongft divers fimilar curiosities, in the excellent collection of old plays lately published by mr. Dodfley.

Backe and fyde go bare, go bare,
 Booth foote and hand go colde :
 But, belly, God fend thee good ale inoughe,
 Whether it be new or olde.

I loue no roft, but a nut-browne tofte,
 And a crab * laid in the fyre ;
 A little breade shall do me stead,
 Much breade I not defyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
 Can hurte mee if I wolde,
 I am fo wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and fyde go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe,
 Loueth well good ale to feeke,
 Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
 The teares run downe her cheeke :
 Then doth she trowle to mee the bowle,
 Euen as a mault-worme shu'd ;
 And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
 Of this ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and fyde go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
 Even as good felowes shoulde doe :
 They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
 Good ale doth bringe men to.

* Crab-apple.

And all poore foules that have scowred boules
Or have them lustely trolde,
God faue the lyues of them and their wyues,
Whether they be yonge or olde,
Backe and syde go bare, &c.

SONG LIII.

THE BROWN JUG.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS.

BY THE REV. MR. FAWKES.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with
mild ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old foul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excell,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

SONG

SONG LIV.

THE MAD LOVER.

BY ALEXANDER BROME.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 This many and many a year ;
 And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
 For one poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas drink made me fall into love,
 And love made me run into debt ;
 And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain,
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
 And my mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

SONG LV.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find.
 When this excuse is gone ;
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

S O N G LVI.

BY MR. WILLIAM WOTY.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine.
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchuses tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair.
And pray what mighty joys can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of a favourite lass,

'Tis woman, whose joys every rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart.
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice Sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed ;
Whilst Age in half ecstasy hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then fill me a goblet from Bacchuses hoard,
The largest, the deepest that stands on the board :
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, then pledge me who dare.

S O N G

SONG LVII.

THE UNION.

BY THE SAME,

WITH women and wine I defy every care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul,

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine,

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve;
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer! thou nymph half divine!
 First pledge me with kisses—next pledge me with wine;
 Then giving, and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be bless'd with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

SONG

SONG LVIII.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

A DIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove :
With pride her foot-steps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphnes eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value Reason next to Love.



Heath sc

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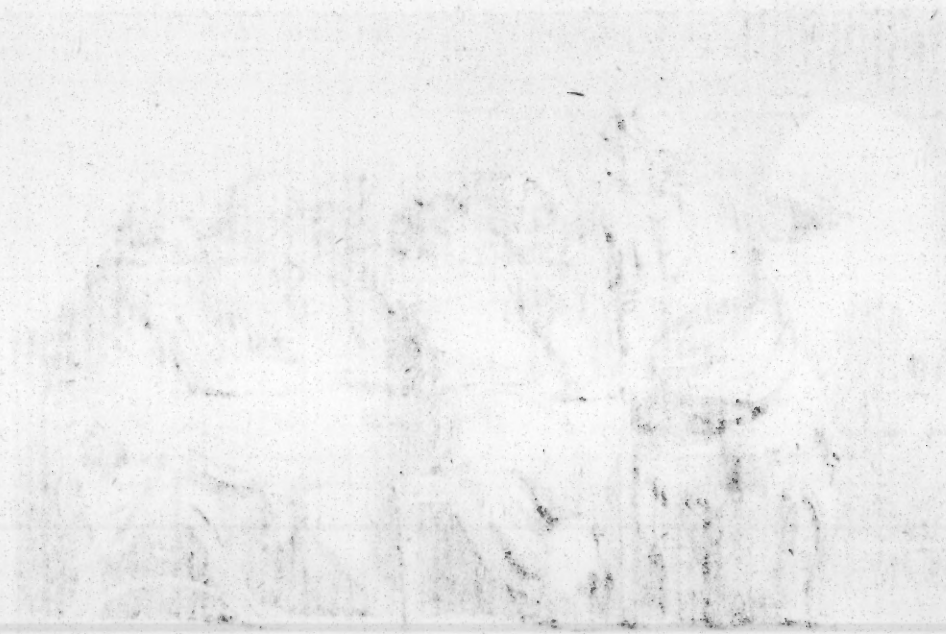
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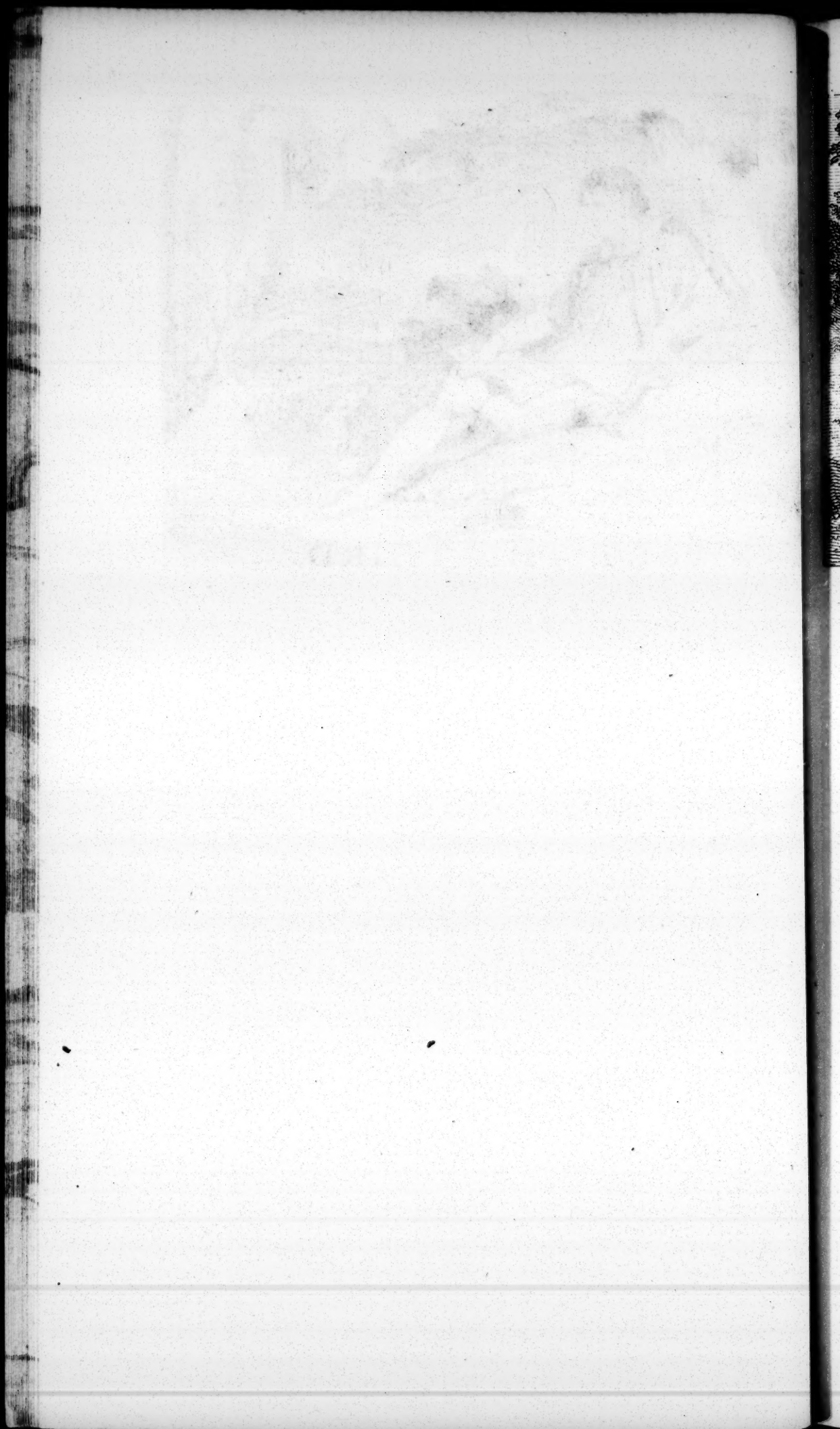
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PART THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.





MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

S O N G I.

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly blifs,
That God or Nature hath assign'd :
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I pres to bear no haughty sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

32 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall :
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
 No force to win a victory,
 No wily wit to falue a fore,
 No shape to win a lovers eye ;
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
 I little have yet seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they have ;
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers los,,
 I grudge not at anothers gain ;
 No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
 I brook that is anothers bane :
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;
 I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

83

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear my chief defence :
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not Fortunes fatal law :
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mightys gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath ;
 Extremes are counted worst of all ;
 The golden mean betwixt them both,
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
 This is my choice, for why I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

O.

SONG II.

BY THE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

WOULD we attain the happiest state,
 That is design'd us here ;
 No joy a rapture must create,
 No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
 No honour tempt to pride ;
 No vain desires of empty praise
 Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth, or beauty move
 The constant settled breast :
 Who leaves a passage free to love,
 Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
 Where none of these abound ;
 The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
 Or can on earth be found.

SONG

S O N G I I I .

BY MR. W. BEDINGFIELD.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these ?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summers heat.

A little parlour stove to hold
A constant fire from winters cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the King !

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great mans paw ;
Have choice few friends of your own taste ;
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
Nor misers fears, nor envys spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors, and no doctors bills ;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

SONG IV.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For scepters to a virtuous mind,
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough,
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign.

SONG

SONG V.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of publick fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

88 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

S O N G VI.

BY HILDEBRAND JACOB ESQ.

I Envy not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.

Far happier the shepherds swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast :
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

S O N G VII.

WHAT man in his wits, had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live ?

Inviron'd

Inviron'd from morning to night in a croud,
Not a moment unbent, or alone :
Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
And at every ones call but his own :

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still ;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest :
He must add to his store this, or that, pretty sum ;
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye :
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine enemy die.

S O N G VIII.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and chearful content,
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great mans possessions display,
 Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
 For every fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life
 Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

S O N G IX.

SOME hoist up Fortune to the skies,
 Others debase her to a bubble;
 I nor her frowns nor favours prize,
 Nor think the changeling worth my trouble.

If at my door she chance to light,
 I civilly my guest receive;
 The visit paid, I bid good night;
 Nor murmur when she takes her leave.

Though prosperous gales my canvas croud,
 Though smooth the waves, serene the sky,
 I trust not calms; they storms forebode,
 And speak th' approaching tempest nigh.

Then

Then, Virtue, to the helm repair,
 Thou, Innocence, shalt guide the oar;
 Now rage, ye winds! storms, rend the air!
 My bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the shore.

SONG X.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.*

THE glories of our birth and state,
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings:
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still,
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murm'ring breath,
 When the pale captive creeps to death.

* These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." It is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II. PERCY. I. 270.

The laurel withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Deaths purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds ;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

S O N G X I.

B Y D R. D A L T O N. *

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gawdy pride
 Nor with swains in Syren bowers
 Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful Virtues hill sublime,
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair ;
 Who wins her height must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

* In the Masque of Comus.—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tassos Jerusalem.

SONG XII.

FROM METASTASIO.*

BY MR. HOOLE.

WHAT frenzy must his soul possess,
 Whose hopes on evil deeds depend!
 For though the wicked meet success,
 Yet peace can ne'er their steps attend.

For ev'n in life's serenest state,
 Shall Vice receive her secret sting;
 As Virtue, though depressed by fate,
 Herself her own reward shall bring.

SONG XIII.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

TO tinkling brooks, to twilight shades,
 To desert prospects rough and rude,
 With youthful rapture first I ran,
 Enamour'd of sweet solitude.

On beauty next I wondering gaz'd,
 Too soon my supple heart was caught:
 An eye, a breast, a lip, a shape,
 Was all I talk'd of, all I thought.

Next, by the smiling Muses led,
 On Pindus laurel'd top I dream,
 Talk with old bards, and listening hear
 The warbles of th' enchanting stream.

* In the opera of Hypsipile.

Then

Then Harmony and Picture came
 Twin-nymphs my sense to entertain,
 By turns my eye, my ear was caught,
 With Raphaels strokes and Handels strain.

At last, such various pleasures prov'd,
 All cloying, vain, unmanly found,
 Sweet for a time as morning dew,
 Yet parents of some painful wound.

Humbly I ask'd great Wisdoms aid,
 To true delight to lead my feet;
 When thus the goddesses whispering said,
 "Virtue alone is bliss complete."

S O N G X I V .

B Y M R . G A R R I C K . *

C O M E , come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
 shear;
 In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear:
 The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free,
 And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
 What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
 For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

* Sung by a shepherdes, at the Sheep-shearing in Florizel and Perdita.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we, as the children of nature are bred ;
By her hand alone, we are painted, and drefs'd ;
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast.

That giant Ambition we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel :
So harmless and simple we sport, and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

SONG XV.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

" THE CELEBRATED ORINDA."

HOW sacred and how innocent
A country life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears !

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself ;
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for self.

'Twas

96 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude ;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love ;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbours wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed :
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor phyfic then,
Nature was all their wit :
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.

What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire ?
Her courtship is all fire and sword,
Who would not then retire ?

Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity ;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice :
It is not brave to be possess'd
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow ;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls
I think not on the state,
And pity no mans case that falls
From his ambitious height.

Silence and innocence are safe ;
A heart that's only true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' Exchange resort ;
Then revel out a winters night,
Not making love but sport.

These never knew a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or design :
While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting spring appears,
To Hyde-park let them go,
And, hasting thence, be full of fears
To lose Spring-garden show.

Let others, nobler, seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of state.

But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
Friendship and honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble seat,
Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuse to spend my life.

SONG XVI.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill,
Which languid murmurs, steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plain,
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes obscurely calm,
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honours sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

SONG XVII.

TO IDLENESS.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethes brink,
Obsequious to the Muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
O sweet Insensibility!

Sister of Peace and Indolence,
 Bring muse, bring numbers soft and flow;
 Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
 There let me dose out the dull hours;
 And under me let Flora spread
 A sofa of the softest flowers.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine;
 While murmurs of the stream beneath
 Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, o Idleness! the woes
 Of life we patiently endure;
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain wars toil and waste,
 Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee?

S O N G XVIII.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
 Where pride without measure,
 And pomp without pleasure,
 Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;
My friends shall be few
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The rivers clear brink,
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at Deaths stroke,
But retire from the world, as I would to my rest.

S O N G XIX.

PRINCES that rule, and empire sway,
How transitory is their state!
Sorrows the glories do allay,
And richest crowns have greatest weight.

The mighty monarch treason fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life all discontents and cares;
And he at best is but a slave.

Vainly we think with fond delight
To cease the burden of our cares;
Each grief a second does invite,
And sorrows are each others heirs.

102 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

For me, my honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave;
And when I quietude would gain,
At least I find it in the grave.

S O N G XX.

T H E D I R G E.

BY DR. HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

WHAT is th' existence of mans life ?
But open war, or slumber'd strife,
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements :
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Deaths cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood
Out-vies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep :
Then shrinks into that fatal mold,
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralis'd in age and youth :
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are ;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial which points out
The sun-set as it moves about :
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Times flight,
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
The body in eternal shade.

It is a weary interlude
Which doth short joys, long woes include.
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope, and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death.

SONG XXI.

BY MR. GEORGE LILLO. *

THE sweet and blushing rose
Soon withers and decays.
Short are the joys life knows,
And few our happy days,
The fairest day must set in night ;
Summer in winter ends ;
So anguish still succeeds delight,
And grief on joy attends.

* In Sylvia, or the Country Burial.

SONG XXII.

BY MR. ROBERT DODSLEY.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
 Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
 Seeing false, or seeing double,
 Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet presuming on his senses,
 On he goes most wondrous wise :
 Doubts of truth, believes pretences ;
 Lost in error, lives and dies.

SONG XXIII.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY COLLEY CIBBER ESQ.*

O Say! what is that thing call'd light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy,
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night.

* Written for, and set by the celebrated mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrews, Holborn.

My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play
 And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear,
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

S O N G XXIV.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor but merry place,
 Where no bailif, dun, nor setter,
 Dares to show his frightful face :
 But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger ;
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
 From your children or your wife ;
 Wisdom lies in true resignation
 Through the various scenes of life.

Scorn

Scorn to show the least resentment,
 Though beneath the frowns of fate ;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will make a jail delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Every island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea.
 Kings and princes for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond this worlds strong prison-gate :
 For the world is also bounded
 By the heavens and stars above ;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but love ?

S O N G XXV. *

HOW pleasant a sailors life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main ;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain.

* In an old English opera, called Perseus and Andromeda.

We're

We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action
For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Go thorough the world my brave boys,

The world is a beautiful garden
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should we quarrel for riches, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who to politics strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try,
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
Go thorough the world my brave boys.

SONG

SONG XXVI.

BY MR. ROBERT DODSLEY. *

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A clown in this dress may be honefter far
 Than a courtier, who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this he would mimic the tools of the state ;
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

* In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield:

SONG

SONG XXVII.

BY MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.*

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise and guile,
Need neither Fortunes frowning fear,
Nor court the harlots smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king!

SONG XXVIII.

THE OLD MANS WISH.

BY DR. POPE.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

* In the comic opera of Love in a Village.

With

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone* or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

* The author republished this Song, in his old age, with large additions, and a number of whimsical notes, and illustrations from the Roman, Italian, and German poets. None of his supplemental stanzas were thought properly adapted to the present publication, but all the corrections and alterations he has made in the original verses have been carefully retained; except only as to the last chorus, which does not, in his enlarged copy, differ from the first.

SONG

SONG XXIX.

TO WISDOM.

BY MISS CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
Through the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-shook tower ;
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bower

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight ecchoes waft around.

And fighting gales repeat :
Fav'rite of Pallas ! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdoms awful feat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray :
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gayly-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas ! queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the sense, or mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys :
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise.

To thy unspotted shrine I bow ;
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires :
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortunes gem, Ambitions plume,
Nor Cythereas fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r :
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
Those envied glittering toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thoughts refin'd ;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For power, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasures transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb ;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcombs sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite :
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest :
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Platos sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good ;
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her listening sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul :
The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtues soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poets song,
The patriots free, unbias'd tongue,
The heros gen'rous strife;
Thine are retirements silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To Thee! Supreme, all-perfect Mind
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's Thy gift, and all her force
From Thee deriv'd, Unchanging Source
Of intellectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through lifes perplexing road:
The mists of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of Follies painted show:
She sees, through ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but Virtues solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

SONG XXX.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP, peculiar gift of Heaven,
The noble minds delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desires,
The human, and the savage breast,
Inflames alike with equal fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

When Virtues kindred Virtues meet,
And sister-souls together join,
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,
Are all transporting, all divine.

116 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Oh! shall thy flames then cease to glow,
 When souls to happier climes remove?
 What rais'd our virtue here below,
 Shall aid our happiness above.

SONG XXXI.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?

O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life;
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r?
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG XXXII.

BY SHAKESPEARE.*

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As mans ingratitude:

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! &c.

SONG XXXIII.

THE LIE.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.†

GO foul, the bodys guest,
Upon a thankless arrant,

Fear not to touch the best,

The truth shall be thy warrant:

Go, since I needs must die,

And give the world the lie.

* In As you like it.

† See vol. 1. p. 126. The Lie is generally, though erroneously, supposed to have been written by sir Walter Raleigh, the night before his execution.

Say to the court, it glows,
 And shines like rotten-wood ;
 Say to the church, it shows
 What's good, and doth no good.
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others action,
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong, but by affection.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That manage the estate,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate :
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie,

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in their greatest cost,
 Like nothing but commending :
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 119

Tell zeal, it wants devotion ;
Tell love, it is but lust ;
Tell time, it ' is ' but motion ;
Tell flesh, it is but dust :
And with them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age, it dayly wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters ;
Tell Beauty, how she blasteth ;
Tell favour, how it faulters ;
And, as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom, she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And, when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
Tell skill, it is ' pretension ;'
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law, it is contention :
And, as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;

Tell nature of decay;

Tell friendship of unkindness;

Tell justice of delay:

And, if they will reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts, they have no soundness,

But vary by esteeming;

Tell schools, they want profoundness,

And stand on too much seeming:

If arts and schools reply,

Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith, it's fled the city;

Tell how the country erreth;

Tell, manhood shakes 'off' pity;

Tell, virtue least 'preferreth':

And, if they do reply,

Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I

Commanded thee, done blabbing,

Because to give the lie

Deserves no less than stabbing,

Stab at thee he that will,

No stab 'the' soul can kill.

SONG XXXIV.

TIMES ALTERATION.

WHEN this old cap was new,
 'Tis since two hundred year,
 No malice then we knew,
 But all things plenty were :
 All friendship now decays,
 (Believe me this is true)
 Which was not in those days,
 When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men,
 Which by their coats were known
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves shown,
 When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our lands reproach, †
 When he whose means is small,
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

Good

Good hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many ;
Now poor men starve and die,
-And are not help'd by any :
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few ;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Whereever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way,
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you :
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went ;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content :
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall ;
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small :

The

The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good chear in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew,
We wanted no brawn nor soufe,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine,
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drunk beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use,
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be feed,
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers pay,
They were not so abus'd,
As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then, in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious King,
And send him long to live;
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new. O.

SONG

SONG XXXV.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charleses golden days
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch The Lords Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, fir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, fir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nations grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:

Old

Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive-obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Ann became our queen,
The church of Englands glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory :
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, fir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, fir,
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faiths-defender ;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession ;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :

For

For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.

And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying-day, fir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, fir.

S O N G XXXVI.

T H E S T O R M.

BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

C E A S E, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
Lift ye landsmen, all to me!

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,

By topsail-sheets, and haulyards stand;

Down top-gallants quick be hawling,

Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces,

The topsail-sheets now let go;

Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,

Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now

128 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in Beautys arms;
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Safe from all but loves alarms;
 Round us roars the tempest louder;
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-fail yards point to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-fail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear,
 Hands up, each preventure brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, chear, lads, chear!

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky,
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating
Alas to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below.—
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or, more,
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking,
To our sweethearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

SONG XXXVII.

NEPTUNES RAGING FURY:

OR, THE

GALLANT SEAMENS SUFFERINGS.*

YOU gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah, little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas;
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 [All] the cares, and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
 Must bear a valiant heart,
 For when you come upon the seas,
 You must not think to start;
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,
 In hail, rain, [blow] or snow,
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.

* " Being a relation of their perils and dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their noble adventures. Together with their undaunted valour, and rare constancy in all their extremities: and the manner of their rejoicing on shore, at their return home." *Title.*

The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure.
 Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams, on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our 'ship' to stray
 Beyond our wanted course;
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low,
 'Tis in vain to complain,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptunes bosom
 Our ship is tost in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves;
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low;
 'Tis with waves, o with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sits in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and [we] moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes fail to the Indies
To fetch home spices rare,
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
'In' weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at wars,
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

134 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
 We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread;
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Wheree'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Straights,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold 'adventurers'
 We never shall want a trade;
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains;
 We'll call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go;
 Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

O.

SONG

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 135

SONG XXXVIII.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.*

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering tapers light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG XXXIX.

BY THE SAME.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretches woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

* In the oratorio of the Captivity.

SONG XL.*

GENTLY fir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dress it quickly, I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh! the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:
 Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:
 Pickles get and salad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green;
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 Oh! ye gods! how I shall dine.

- * A sort of parody on some verses by A. Bradley, beginning thus:
 Gently strike the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest, &c.

SONG XLI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY DR. LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his Euridice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
—So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
Such merit had music in hell!

SONG XLII.

THE GOSSIPS.

TWO goffips they merrily met,
At nine in the morning full soon;
And they were resolv'd for a whet,
To keep their sweet voices in tune.

Away

138 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Away to the tavern they went;
 ' Here Joan I vow and protest,
 ' That I have a crown yet unspent,
 ' Come let's have a cup of the best.'

' And I have another, perhaps
 ' A piece of the very same sort,
 ' Why should we sit thrumming of caps,
 ' Come, drawer, and fill us a quart!
 ' And let it be liquor of life,
 ' Canary, or sparkling wine!
 ' For I am a buxom young wife,
 ' And I love to go gallant and fine.'

The drawer, as blithe as a bird,
 Came skipping with cap in his hand,
 ' Dear ladies, I give you my word,
 ' The best shall be at your command.'
 A quart of canary he drew,
 Joan fill'd up a glass and begun,
 ' Here gossip's a bumper to you;'
 ' I'll pledge you, girl, were it a tun.'

' And, pray gossip, did'nt you hear
 ' The common report of the town,
 ' A squire of five hundred a year
 ' Is married to Doll of the Crown:
 ' A draggle-tail'd flut, on my word,
 ' Her clothes hanging ragged and foul;
 ' In troth he would fain have a bird,
 ' That would give a groat for an owl,

' And

‘ And she had a sister last year,
 ‘ Whose name they call’d Galloping Peg,
 ‘ She’d take up a straw with her ear,
 ‘ I warrant her right as my leg!
 ‘ A brewer he got her with child,
 ‘ But e’en let them brew as they bake;
 ‘ I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ‘ But I’ll neither meddle nor make.’

‘ Nor I, gossip Joan, by my troth,
 ‘ Though nevertheless I have been told,
 ‘ She stole seven yards of broad cloth,
 ‘ A ring and a locket of gold;
 ‘ A smock and a new pair of shoes;
 ‘ A flourishing madam was she:—
 ‘ But Margery told me the news,
 ‘ And it ne’er shall go further for me.

‘ We were at a gossiping club,
 ‘ Where we had a chirruping cup,
 ‘ Of good humming liquor, strong bub!
 ‘ Your husbands name there it was up,
 ‘ For bearing a powerful sway,
 ‘ All neighbours his valour have seen;
 ‘ For he is a cuckold they say,—
 ‘ A constable, gossip, I mean.

‘ Dear gossip, a slip of the tongue,
 ‘ No harm was intended in mind:
 ‘ Chance words they will mingle among
 ‘ Our others we commonly find.

‘ I hope

146 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

‘ I hope you won’t take it amiss.’
 ‘ No, no, that were folly in us ;
 ‘ And if we perhaps get a kiss,
 ‘ Pray what are our husbands the worse ?’

S O N G XLIII.

OF AN OLD COURTIER AND A NEW.

WITH an old song made by an old ancient pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great
 estate,
 Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the queens,
 [And the queens old courtier.]

With an old lady, whose anger one good word asswages,
 Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages,
 Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, footmen, and
 pages,
 But kept twenty thrifty old fellows with blue coats and
 badges ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill’d full of learned old books,
 With an old reverend parson, you may judge him by his
 looks,
 With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
 And an old kitchen, which maintains half a dozen old
 cooks ;
 Like an old, &c.

With

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 141

With an old hall, hung about with guns, pikes, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, which hath born many
shrewd blows,
And an old frizado coat, to cover his worships trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
And good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wise man
dumb;
Like an old, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his own grounds,
Who, like an old wife man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand old pounds;
Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the same bountiful mind,
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the kings,
[And the kings young courtier.]

Like

LIKE a young gallant, newly come to his land,
 Who keeps a brace of creatures at his own command,
 And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own band,
 And lieth drunk in a new tavern, till he can neither go
 nor stand;
 Like a young, &c.

With a neat lady, that is fresh and fair,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping,
 nor care,
 But buys several fans to play with the wanton air,
 And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens hair;
 Like a young, &c.

With a new hall, built where the old one stood,
 Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood,
 And a new shovel-board table whereon never meat stood;
 Hung round with pictures which doth the poor little good.
 Like a young, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets, and plays,
 With a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
 With a new buttery hatch, that opens oncè in four or five
 days,
 With a new French cook, to devise kickshaws and toys;
 For the young, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come on,
 With a journey up to London we must be gone,
 And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
 stone;
 Like a young, &c.

With

With a gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when the master hath din'd, gives the servants little
meat.

Like a young, &c.

With a new honour, bought with his fathers old gold,
That many of his fathers old manors hath sold;
And this is the occasion that most men do hold
That good housekeeping is now a-days grown so cold.

Like a young courtier of the kings,

[And the kings young courtier.]

O.

SONG XLIV.

BY SHAKSPEARE.*

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale!—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winters pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, o, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king!

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
As we lie tumbling in the hay.

* Sung by Autolycus, in the Winters Tale.

SONG

SONG XLV.

S P R I N G.

BY THE SAME.*

WHEN daylies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all filver-white,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckow, then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, cuckow;—o word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, cuckow;—o word of fear!
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

SONG XLVI.

W I N T E R.

BY THE SAME.*

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,

* In Loves Labour lost.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

145

When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, to whoo; — a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parsons' saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marians' nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who; — a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SONG XLVII.

BY THE SAME.*

UNDER the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet birds' throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

* In As you like it.

Vol. II.

L

Who

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

S O N G XLVHI.

T O M O F B E D L A M.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the deep abyfs of hell,
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul;
 Hark! how the angry furies howl!
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses:
 In an angry mood I found Old Time,
 With his pentateuch of senses.

When

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 147

When me he spies,
 Away he flies,
 For time will stay for no man:
 In vain with cries,
 I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie;
 Help, o help, or else I die!

Hark! I hear Apollos team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle;
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
 To knock off my troublesome shackles;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain
 To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
 Mars met Venus in the dark;
 Limping Vulcan het an iron bar,
 And furiously ran at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
 His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
 He could not see to aim his blows aright:

148 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel;
 Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, giant-like,
 Bestrid a strong-beer barrel:

To me he drank,
 I did him thank,
 But I could get no cyder;
 He drank whole butts,
 Till he burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider,

Poor Tom is very dry;
 A little drink for charity!

Hark! I hear Asteons hounds;
 The huntsmen whoop and hollow;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the chace doth follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot;
 But a cup of old Malaga sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

0.

SONG

SONG XLIX.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE ESQ.

BY MR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never would rifle their cell.
 Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat — and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year,

150 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd—they envied his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song.
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydons flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

S O N G L.

A D I R G E.

BY MR. D'URFEY.*

SLEEP, sleep poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace,
 Reliev'd from love, and mortal care,
 Whilst we that pine in lifes disease,
 Uncertain blest less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 No ills of fate thou now canst fear,
 In vain would tyrant power enslave,
 Or scornful beauty be severe.

* "Sung in the first part of Don Quixote by a shepherd and shepherdes. Set by mr. Eales."

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep,
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possess,
Secure from lifes tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

C H O R U S.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done,

S O N G L I.

BY MR. COLLINS. *

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their countrys wishes blest?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallow'd mold,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancys feet have ever trod.

* Written in 1746.

L 4

By

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall a while repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

SONG LH.

D I R G E

I N C Y M B E L I N E.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY THE SAME.

TO fair Fideles grassy tomb
 Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female Fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 153

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SONG LIII.

BY MR. GARRICK.*

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would
dream,

The Fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

* In his Ode upon dedicating a building, and erecting a statue, to Shakspeare, at Stratford upon Avon.

Here

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love, and their truth,
 And chearful old age feel the spirit of youth;
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
 Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
 Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
 And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

SONG LIV.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OF T I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll seek my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 Who liv'st in woods unseen;
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Tripp'st gayly o'er the green,

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
 As ancient stories tell;
 And for * th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell.

* See Midsummer-nights Dream.

O! deign

O! deign once more t'exert thy power!
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sovereign as juice from western flower,*
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart such gifts remove,
 That fights for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
 That like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree:
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
 Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine;
 To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string:
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring!

* See Midsummer-nights Dream.

156 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart, that throb'd at others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own:

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O Fairy-elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort fend!
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worms glimmering light,
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heavens ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

SONG LIV.

THE FAIRIES.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy elves that be,
Light tripping oe'r the green;
Come follow Mab your queen:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is Fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the fluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

And

But

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushrooms head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
Tails of worms and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grafshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 159

O'er tops of dewy grafs
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been. O.

SONG LVI.

IMITATED FROM THE MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM OF
SHAKSPEARE. ACT II. SCENE V.

LO! here, beneath this hallow'd shade,
Within a cowslips blossom deep,
The lovely Queen of Elves is laid,
May nought disturb her balmy sleep!

Let not the snake, or baleful toad
Approach the silent mansion near,
Or newt profane the sweet abode,
Or owl repeat her orgies here!

No snail or worm shall hither come,
With noxious filth her bow'r to stain;
Hence be the beetles sullen hum,
And spiders disembowel'd train.

The love-lorn nightingale alone
Shall through Titanias arbour stray,
To sooth her sleep with melting moan,
And lull her with his sweetest lay.

SONG

SONG LVII.

THE MAD MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

FROM Oberon, in Fairy-land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 Mad Robin I, at his command,
 Am sent to view the night-sports here;
 What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where I go,
 I will o'ersee,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
 About this airy welkin soon,
 And, in a minutes space, descry
 Each thing that's done below the moon.
 There's not a hag,
 Nor ghost shall wag,
 Nor cry, Goblin! where I do go;
 But Robin I
 Their feats will spy,
 And fear them home, with ho, ho, ho!

If any wanderers I meet,
 That from their night-sport do trudge home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,
 And cause them on with me to roam,

Through

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 161

Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,
O'er bush and briar, with them I go;
I call upon
Them to come on;
And wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cates, and sip their wine;
And, to make sport,
I fart and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kifs;
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
I card, at midnight, up their wool;
And, while they sleep, snort, fart, and feast,
With wheel to thread their flax I pull;

I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth fluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
And from the bed the bed-clothes I
Pull off, and lay them nak'd to view;
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh I, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire:

If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinching, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 163

When lazy queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cog and lie,
 To make debate and mischief too
 'Twixt one another secretly,
 I mark their gloze,
 And it disclose
 To them that they have wronged so;
 When I have done
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses fet
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
 And seem a vermin taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me near,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and gills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our Fairy king and queen
 We chant our moonlight minstrelies:
 When larks 'gin sing
 Away we fling,
 And babes new born steal as we go,
 An elf in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When

M 2

From

164 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

From hag-bred Merlins time have I
 Thus nightly revel'd to and fro;
 And, for my pranks, men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellōw:
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 That haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And belldames old
 My feats have told:
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho! O.

S O N G LVIII.

T H E G R A S S H O P P E R.

FROM ANACREON.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY ESQ.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy mornings gentle wine.
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields, which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.

Man

Man for thee does sow and plow;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently enjoy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy fire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect! happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know:
 But, when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous, and wise withall,
 Epicurean animal!)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

S O N G LIX,

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE.

SONGS of shepherds, in rustical roundelays,
 Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds,
 Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.

M 3

Sottish

Sottish Silenus
 To Phœbus the genius
 Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,
 In phrase nicely coin'd,
 And verse quite refin'd,
 How the states divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
 Stars and planets which beautiful shone,
 Could no longer endure that men only shall
 Swim in pleasures, and they but look on;
 Round about horned
 Lucina they swarmed,
 And her informed how minded they were,
 Each god and goddess,
 To take human bodies,
 As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
 While pale Proserpina sat in her place,
 To light the welkin, and govern the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chace:
 By her example,
 Their father to trample,
 The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;
 Neptune the water,
 And wine Liber Pater,
 And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Light god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
 Borrow'd of the Muses with kisses and pray'rs;

Strong

Strong Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,
Mounts a centaur, which proudly him bears;
Postilion of the sky,
Light-heel'd Mercury
Made his courser fly, fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo
The kennel did follow,
And hoop and hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drown'd Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take;
Snoring Somnus upstart'd from Cimmeris,
Before for a thousand years he did not wake;
There was club-footed
Mulciber booted,
And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;
Proud Pallas pouted,
Loud Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the lady Astræa,
The jest took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea;
Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shame-fac'd Aurora,
With witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was flated
Too high to be mated,
Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to th' Olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee;
 Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me.
 Wherewith infused,
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare:
 Till the house of Jove
 Like the spheres did move:—
 Health to those that love hunting the hare.

O.

SONG LX.

THE IRISH HUNT.

Tune, *Sheela na guiragh*.

HARK! hark! jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
 To pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail:
 'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
 O'er stone walls and hedges, though dale, bog, and briar:
 A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men
 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
 Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
 'Fore gad he'd have shook like an aspen, for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
 At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
 We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox;
 The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
 And squire Adair sure was with us that day;
 Joe Debbil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;
Hark to Wanton! cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifier esteem'd in the pack;
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his play:
As strong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan;
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen;
Bray-common he cross'd, leap'd lord Angleseys wall,
And seem'd to say, Little I value you all.

He ran Bushes-grove, up to Carberry-Burns,
Joe Debbil, Hal Preston kept leading by turns:
The earth it was open, but he was so stout,
Though he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out:
To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew;
At Dalkeystone-common we had him in view;
He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, Sure none dare follow me:
But soon, to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of such staunch mettled hounds;

His

His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chase,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilrudderys plentiful board,
Where dwells Hospitality, Truth, and my lord;
We talk'd o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray balk'd a leap, says Hal Preston, 'twas odd;
'Twas shameful, cries Jack, by the great living God;
Says Preston, I halloo'd, Get on, though you fall;
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consign'd to the court:
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day, and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight;
Then, till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother,
For some they went one way, and some went another:
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

SONG LXI.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

Tune, King John and the abbot of Canterbury.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
Grève,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more
cross'd.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own:
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou ail?
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!

Derry down, &c.

The

G

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd:
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas!

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefor esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

SONG LXII.

IN Tyburn-road a man there liv'd
A just and honest life;
And there he might have lived still,
If so had pleas'd his wife.

But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led;
With tailors, and with tinkers too,
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full

Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be,
Sure never was a faint on earth,
If that no faint was he.

This vex'd his wife unto the heart;
She was of wrath so full,
That, finding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his scull.

But then her heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd she was full fore;
That, quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night
These quarters she convey'd,
And in a ditch, at Marybone,
His marrowbones she laid.

His head, at Westminster, she threw
All in the Thames so wide;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But Heav'n, whose pow'r no limit knows,
On earth, or in the main,
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid,
And all agreed, there must have been
Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up this head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains;
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and pass'd,
The deed, at length, was known;
And Kath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
And grant that we may take advice
By Kath'rine Hayeses fall*.

* She was burned alive for this murder, 9th May, 1726. The ballad will scarcely be thought void of merit: but it is to be hoped that its author is the only one who ever attempted to be witty on so shocking a subject.

SONG LXIII.

HOSIERS GHOST.*

BY MR. GLOVER.

Tune, Come and listen to my ditty.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently-swelling flood,
 At midnight, with streamers flying,
 Our triumphant navy rode;
 There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards late defeat,
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to Englands fleet,

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
 Then, each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

* These elegant stanzas were written (chiefly, perhaps, with a design to incense the public against the maladministration of sir Robert Walpole) on the taking of Porto-Bello, from the Spaniards, by admiral Vernon, in 1739. The circumstances attending the death of admiral Hosier, which happened in those parts, 1726, are recorded in history nearly in the same manner as they are represented in the song.

On

On them gleam'd the moons wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry grave:
 O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
 Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal story;
 I am Hosiers injur'd ghost;
 You who now have purchas'd glory
 At this place where I was lost,
 Though in Porto-Bellos ruin
 You now triumph, free from fears,
 When you think on my undoing,
 You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
 These were English captains brave:
 Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
 Who were once my sailors bold;
 Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright,
 Nothing then its wealth defended,
 But my orders, not to fight:

Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my hearts warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitors doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying,
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hofiers wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,
 And, our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
 Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
 If, to Britains shores returning,
 You neglect my just request:
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England—sham'd in me.

S O N G LXIV.

C A P T A I N D E A T H.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd;
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
 To one British hero,—'tis brave captain Death!

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew,

180 MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

His ship was the Terrible,—dreadful to see!
His crew were as brave, and as gallant as he;
Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course:
The French privateer * and the Terrible met;—
The battle begun,—all with horror beset:
No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth;—
They fought for Old-England, and brave captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and felt;
A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood:—
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd,—and soon after his mate;—

* Called the *Vengeance*.—The strange circumstance mentioned by some writers of one of the Terribles lieutenants being named *Devil*, the surgeon *Ghost*, and of her having been fitted out at *Execution-dock*, seems entirely void of foundation.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. 181

Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon died the waves to a crimson from green :
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold ;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold ;
The French were the victors,—though much to their cost,—
For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And thus says Old Time, From good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

SONG LXV.

THE SEA FIGHT IN XCII.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Ruffel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now :
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal of the line ;
Let every hand supply his gun ;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

N 3

Tourville

* The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
 To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep;
 He led the noble train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral at his feet.
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on;
 Whilst a flood,
 All of blood,
 Fill'd the scupper-holes of the Royal Sun.

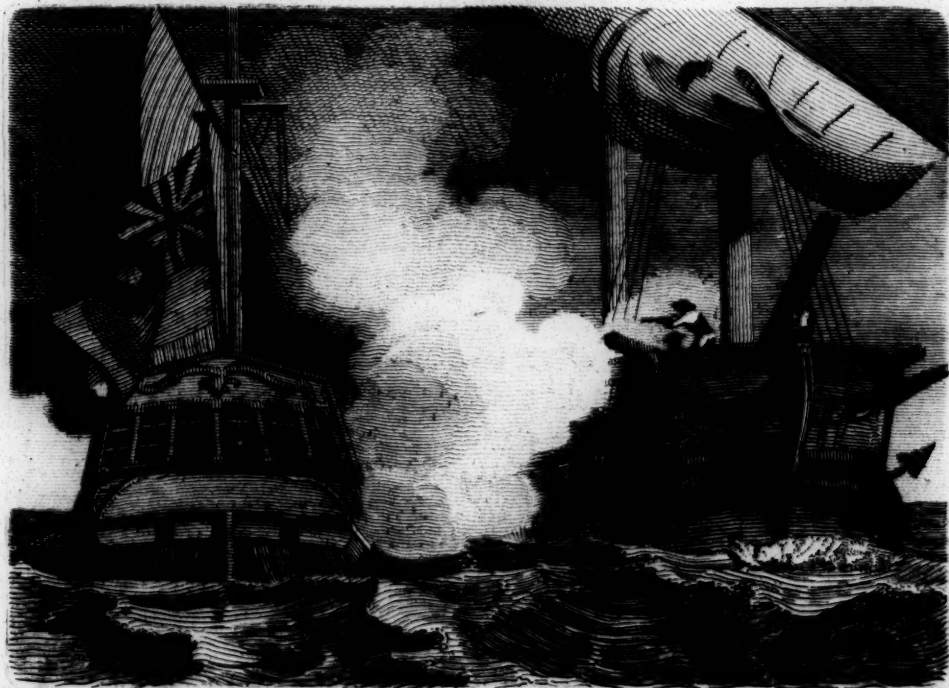
Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty streamers now no more.

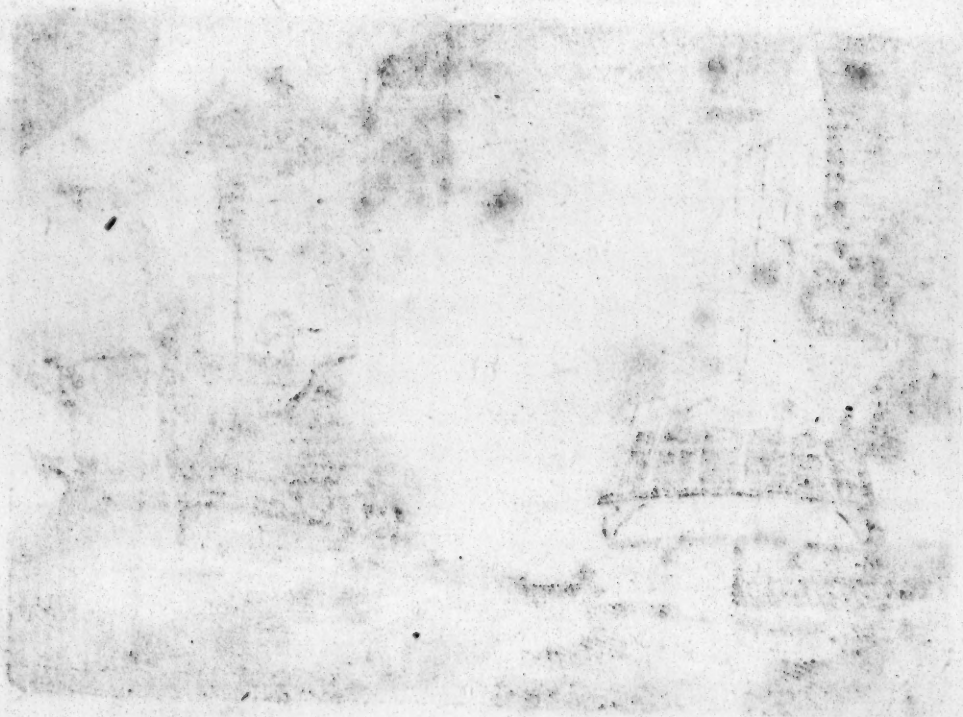
the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of admiral Ruffel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and several great officers, both of his own court, and of the court of France, and even Tourville his self, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is, now, certain that Ruffel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old masters restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourvilles impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive; And the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
 Now Death and Horror equal reign ;
 Now they cry,
 Run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main :

See they fly amaz'd through rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate ;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands ;
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
 For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy masters fate begun :
 Enough, thou mighty god of War !
 Now we sing,
 Bless the king,
 Let us drink to every English tar.

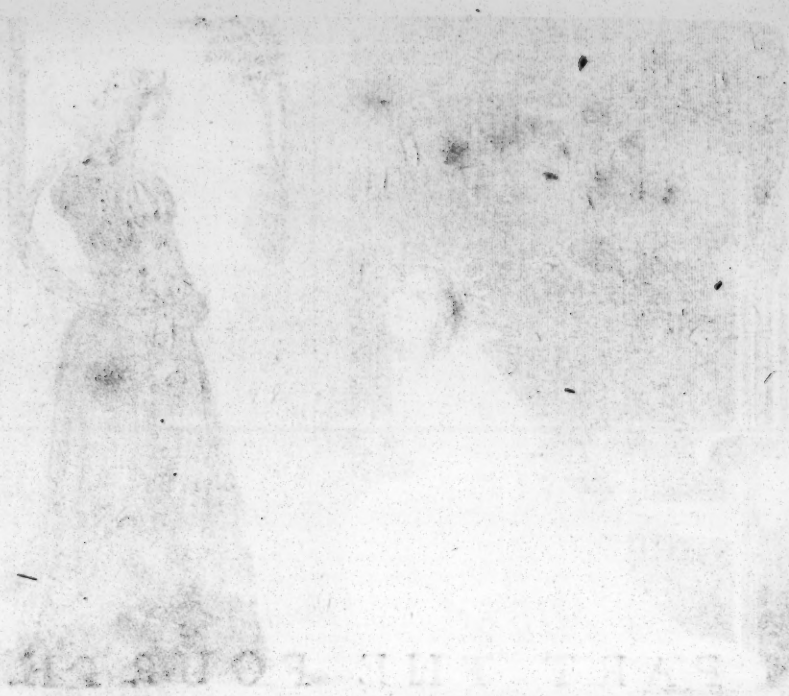
Q.





PART THE FOURTH.

A N C I E N T B A L L A D S.





ANCIENT BALLADS.

BALLAD I.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a chaser of the kings deer ;
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he said,
And riddle us both as one ;
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanòr,
And let the brown girl alone ? •

The

The brown girl she has got houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor she has got none,
Therefor I charge thee, on my blessing,
To bring me the brown girl home.

And as it befell on a high holiday,
As many did more beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanòr,
That should have been his bride.

But when he came to fair Eleanors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
But who was so ready as fair Eleanòr,
To let lord Thomas within.

What news, what news, lord Thomas ? she said,
What news hast thou brought unto me ?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she said,
That such a thing should be done ;
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,
And you to have been the bridegroom.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she said,
And riddle it all in one ;
Whether I shall go to lord Thomases wedding,
Or whether I shall tarry at home ?

There's many that are your friends, daughtèr,
And many that are your foe,
Therefor I charge you, on by blessing,
To lord Thomases wedding don't go.

There's many that are my friends, mother,
If a thousand more were my foe,
Betide my life, or betide my death,
To lord Thomases wedding I'll go.

She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green,
And as they rid through every town,
They took her to have been a queen.

But when she came to lord Thomases gate,
She knocked there at the ring ;
But who was so ready as lord Thomàs,
To let fair Eleanor in.

Is this your bride ? fair Ellen she said,
Methinks she looks wonderous brown ;
You might have had as fair a woman,
As ever trod on the ground.

Despise her not, fair Ellen, he said,
Despise her not unto me ;
For better I love thy little-fingèr,
Than all her whole body.

This

This brown bride had a little penknife,
 That was both long and sharp,
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
 She prick'd fair Eleandr to the heart.

Oh ! Christ now save thee, lord Thomas, he said,
 Methinks thou look'st wonderous wain ;
 Thou wast us'd for to look with as fresh a colour,
 As ever the sun shin'd on.

Oh ! art thou blind, lord Thomas ? she said,
 Or can'st thou not very well see ?
 Oh ! dost thou not see my own hearts blood
 Runs trickling down my knee ?

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side ;
 As he walk'd about the hall,
 He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,
 And he threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the ground,
 And the point against his heart,
 There was never three lovers that ever met
 More sooner they did depart.

B A L L A D II.

FAIR MAGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

A S it fell out upon a day,
 Two lovers they sat on a hill ;
 They sat together a long summers day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margare't,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair;
There she espied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down she laid her ivory comb,
And up she bound her hair;
She went away first from the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Margare't,
And stood at Williams bed feet.

God give you joy, you true lovers,
In bride-bed fast asleep;
Lo! I am going to my grass-green grave,
And I am in my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
My dear, I've cause to weep.

I dream'd

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,
 Such dreams are never good;
 I dream'd my bower was full of red swine,
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honour'd fir,
 They never do prove good;
 To dream thy bower was full of swine,
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three,
 Saying, I'll away to fair Margarets bower,
 By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair Margarets bower,
 He knocked at the ring;
 So ready were her seven breth'ren,
 To let sweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the covering-sheet,
 Pray let me see the dead;
 Methinks she looks both pale and wan,
 She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margare't,
 Than any of thy kin;
 For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespoke the seven brethrèn,
 Making most piteous moan,
 You may go kifs your jolly brown dame,
 And let our fister alone.

If I do kifs my jolly brown dame,
 I do but what is right ;
 For I made no vow to your fister dear,
 By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me, then, how much you'll deal,
 Of white bread and your wine :
 So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
 To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,
 Sweet William he died the morrow ;
 Fair Margaret died for pure true love,
 Sweet William he died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancèl,
 And William in the higher ;
 Out of her bréast there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
 Till they could grow no higher ;
 And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you this truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

B A L L A D III.

*B A T E M A N S T R A G E D Y.**

YO U dainty dames so finely fram'd
 Of beautys chieftest mold,
 And you that trip it up and down,
 Like lambs in Cupids fold,
 Here is a lesson to be learn'd ;
 A lesson, in my mind,
 For such as will prove false in love,
 And bear a faithless mind.

Not far from Nottingham, of late,
 In Clifton, as I hear,
 There dwelt a fair and comely dame,
 For beauty without peer ;
 Her cheeks were like the crimson-rose ;
 Yet, as you may perceive,
 The fairest face, the falsest heart,
 And soonest will deceive.

* The full title of the old copy is, " A Godly Warning to all Maidens
 by the Example of God's Judgment shewed on Jerman's Wife of Clifton
 in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in child-bed was born away
 and never heard of after." A tragedy, intituled The Vow breaker, written
 by one William Sampson, and printed in 1636, is founded on this ballad
 and quotes two or three verses from it, as " a lamentable new ditty."

This gallant dame she was belov'd
 Of many in that place ;
 And many fought, in marriage-bed,
 Her body to embrace :
 At last a proper handsome youth,
 Young Bateman call'd by name,
 In hopes to make a married wife,
 Unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking there was found,
 That he, from all the rest,
 Had stol'n away the maidens heart,
 And she did love him best :
 Then plighted promise secretly
 Did pass between them two,
 That nothing could, but death itself,
 This true loves knot undo.

He brake a piece of gold in twain,
 One half to her he gave ;
 The other, as a pledge, quoth he,
 Dear heart, myself will have.
 If I do break my vow, quoth she,
 While I remain alive,
 May never thing I take in hand
 Be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two months space,
 And then this maid began
 To settle love and liking too
 Upon another man :

One Jerman, who a widower was,
Her husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater wealth,
And better in degree:

Her vows and promise lately made
To Bateman she denied;
And in despite of him and his
She utterly defied.
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
That you will me forsake,
And, like a false and forsworn wretch,
Another husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
For surely I will have
Thee, either now alive, or dead,
When I am laid in grave:
Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent;
Therefor be well assur'd,
When, for thy sake, thou hear'st report
What torments I endur'd.

But mark how Bateman died for love,
And finish'd up his life,
That very day she married was,
And made old Jermans wife;
For with a strangling-cord, God wot,
Great moan was made therefor,
He hang'd himself, in desperate sort,
Before the brides own door.

Whereat

Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
 And troubled sore her mind,
 That she could never, after that,
 One day of comfort find ;
 And wheresoever she did go,
 Her fancy did surmise,
 Young Batemans pale and ghastly ghost
 Appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie,
 Betwixt her husbands arms,
 In hope thereby to sleep and rest
 In safety without harms ;
 Great cries, and grievous groans she heard,
 A voice that sometimes said,
 O thou art she that I must have,
 And will not be denied.

But she being big with child,
 Was, for the infants sake,
 Preserved from the spirits power,
 No vengeance could it take :
 The babe unborn did safely keep,
 As God appointed so,
 His mothers body from the fiend,
 That sought her overthrow.

But being of her burden eas'd,
 And safely brought to bed,
 Her care and grief began anew,
 And farther sorrow bred :

And of her friends she did intreat,
Desiring them to stay;
Out of the bed, quoth she, this night,
I shall be born away.

Here comes the spirit of my love,
With pale and ghastly face,
Who till he bear me hence away,
Will not depart this place;
Alive or dead I am his by right,
And he will surely have,
In spite of me, and all the world,
What I by promise gave.

O watch with me this night, I pray;
And see you do not sleep;
No longer than you be awake
My body can you keep.
All promised to do their best;
Yet nothing could suffice
In middle of the night to keep
Sad slumber from their eyes,

So being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The child-bed-woman, that woeful night,
From thence was born away;
And to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this day can tell;
As strange a thing as ever yet
In any age befell.

You maidens that desire to love,
And would good husbands choose,
To him that you do vow to love,
By no means do refuse:
For God, that hears all secret oaths,
Will dreadful vengeance take
On such that of a wilful vow
Do slender reckoning make.

B A L L A D IV.

THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

WHEN Troy town, for ten years wars,
Withstood the Greeks in manful wife,
Then did their foes encrease so fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had fought,
At length, arrived with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meat they sat,
The queen, desirous news to hear,
“Of thy unhappy ten years wars,
Declare to me thou Trojan dear :
The heavy hap, and chance so bad,
Which thou, poor wandering prince, hast had.”

And then, anon, this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years wars
So true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetch'd,
And every sigh brought tears amain ;
That where he fate the place was wet,
As he had seen those wars again ;
So that the queen, with ruth therefor,
Said, worthy prince, enough, no more.

The darksome night apace grew on,
And twinkling stars in skies were spread ;
And he his doleful tale had told,
And every one was laid in bed ;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Didos boiling breast.

This

This silly woman never slept,
 But in her chamber, all alone,
 As one unhappy, always wept,
 And to the walls she made her moan ;
 That she should still desire in vain
 The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
 Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,
 And Phœbus, with his glittering beams,
 Through misty clouds appeared red ;
 Then tidings came to her anon,
 That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,
 Did arm her heart as hard as stone,
 Yet, somewhat loth to lose her life,
 In woeful wife she made her moan ;
 And, rolling on her careful bed,
 With sighs and sobs, these words she said :

O wretched Dido queen ! quoth she,
 I see thy end approaching near ;
 For he is gone away from thee,
 Whom thou did'st love, and held so dear :
 Is he then gone, and passed by ?
 O heart, prepare thyself to die

Though

Though Reason would thou should'st forbear,
And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;
Yet Fancy says thou should'st not fear,
Who fethereth thee in Cupids yoke.
Come death, quoth she, resolve my smart:—
And, with these words, she pierc'd her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart,
Of Dido, Carthaginian queen;
And bloody knife did end the smart,
Which she sustain'd in woeful teen;
Æneas being shipp'd and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her moan;

Her funeral most costly made,
And all things furnish'd mournfully;
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where it consumed speedily:
Her sisters tears her tomb bestrew'd;
Her subjects grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle,
In Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
Whereas her sister, in short while,
Writ to him to his vile disgrace;
In phrase of letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.

Falſe-hearted wretch, quoth ſhe, thou art ;
 And treacherouſly thou haſt betray'd
 Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
 Which unto thee ſuch welcome made ;
 My ſiſter dear, and Carthage joy,
 Whoſe folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet, on her death-bed when ſhe lay,
 She pray'd for thy proſperity,
 Beſeeching Heaven, that every day
 Might breed thy great felicity :
 Thus, by thy means I loſt a friend ;
 Heaven ſend thee ſuch untimely end.

When he theſe lines, full fraught with gall,
 Peruſed had, and weigh'd them right,
 His lofty courage then did fall,
 And ſtraight appeared in his fight
 Queen Didos gholt, both grim and pale ;
 Which made this gallant ſoldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this griſly gholt,
 My whole delight while I did live,
 Thee of all men I loved moſt ;
 My fancy and my will did give :
 For entertainment I thee gave,
 Unthankfully thou dig'ſt my grave.

Therefor

Therefor prepare thy fleeting soul
To wander with me in the air ;
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
Because of me thou took'st no care :
Delay no time, thy glass is run,
Thy day is pass'd, thy death is come.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite ;
Be not so hasty to convey
My soul into eternal night,
Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.
O do not frown,—thy angry look
Hath made my breath my life forsook.

But, woe to me ! it is in vain,
And bootless is my dismal cry ;
Time will not be recall'd again,
Nor thou surcease before I die :
O let me live, to make amends
Unto some of thy dearest friends.

But, seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content myself to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake.

And

And like one being in a trance,
 A multitude of ugly fiends
 About this woeful prince did dance,
 No help he had of any friends;
 His body then they took away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

B A L L A D V.

THE SPANISH LADYS LOVE.

W I L L you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she woo'd an English man?
 Garments gay as rich as may be
 Deck'd with jewels had she on:
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lie;
 Cupids bands did tie them faster,
 By the liking of an eye.
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
 For to set all ladies free,
 With their jewels still adorned,
 None to do them injury.
 O, then said this lady gay, full woe is me!
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant

Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should’st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know’st thy countrys foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”
All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That thou came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous store.”—
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 Thou alone enjoy'st my heart ;
 I am lovely, young, and tender,
 Love is likewise my desert :
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest'd.

“ It would be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence ;
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence.”
 I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go.

“ I have neither gold nor silver
 To maintain thee in this case,
 And to travel is great charges,
 As you know, in every place.”
 My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
 And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

“ On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from watery eyes.”
 Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

“ Courteous

“ Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife ;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her ;
And of my suit I'll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee ;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy ;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company :
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
 Farewell to my hearts content !
 Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
 Though to thee my mind was bent :
 Joy and true prosperity go still with thee !
 " The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

BALLAD VI.

THE LADYS FALL.

MARK well my heavy doleful tale,
 You loyal lovers all,
 And heedfully bear in your breast
 A gallant ladys fall.
 Long was she woo'd, ere she was won
 To taste a wedded life,
 But folly wrought her overthrow,
 Before she was a wife,
 Too soon, alas ! she gave consent
 To yield unto his will,
 Though he protested to be true,
 And faithful to her still.
 She felt her body alter'd quite,
 Her bright hue waxed pale,
 Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
 Her strength began to fail.

So that, with many a sorrowful sigh,
 This beauteous maiden mild,
 With grievous heart, perceiv'd herself
 To have conceiv'd with child.
 She kept it from her fathers sight,
 As close as close might be,
 And so put on her filken gown,
 None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover, secretly,
 Her grief she did bewray,
 And, walking with him hand in hand,
 These words to him did say ;
 Behold, said she, a maids distress,
 By love reduc'd to woe,
 Behold I go with child by thee,
 But none thereof doth know.

The little babe springs in my womb,
 To hear the fathers voice,
 Let it not be a bastard call'd,
 Sith I made thee my choice :
 Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
 And wed me out of hand ;
 O leave me not in this extreme,
 In grief always to stand !

Think on thy former promise made,
 Thy vows and oaths each one ;
 Remember with what bitter tears
 To me thou mad'st thy moan.

Convey

Convey me to some secret place,
And marry me with speed ;
Or with thy rapier end my life,
Ere further shame proceed.

Alas ! my dearest love, quoth he,
My greatest joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
Without a sudden death ?
Thy friends they be of high degree,
And I of mean estate ;
Full hard it is to get thee forth
Out of thy fathers gate.

Oh ! do not fear to save my fame,
For if thou taken be,
Myself will step between the swords,
And take the harm on me :
So shall I scape dishonour quite ;
And if I should be slain,
What could they say, but that true love,
Had wrought a ladys bane ?

And fear not any further harm ;
Myself will so devise,
That I will ride away with thee,
Unseen of mortal eyes :
Disguised like some pretty page,
I'll meet thee in the dark,
And all alone I'll come to thee,
Hard by my fathers park.

Convey

And there, quoth he, I'll meet thee,
If God so lend me life,
And this day month, without all fail,
I will make thee my wife.
Then, with a sweet and loving kifs,
They parted presently,
And at their parting brinish tears
Stood in each others eye.

At length the wish'd-for day was come,
On which this beauteous maid,
With lovely eyes, and strange attire,
For her true lover stay'd :
When any person she espied
Come riding o'er the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep, and sore bewail
Her most unhappy state ;
Then did she speak these woeful words,
When succourless she fate :
O false, forsworn, and faithless wretch,
Disloyal to thy love,
Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

And hast thou now forsaken me,
In this my great distress,
To end my days in open shame,
Which thou might'st well redress ?

Woe worth the time I did believe
That flattering tongue of thine;
Would God that I had never seen
The tears of thy false eyne!

And thus, with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards she went again;
No rest came in her watery eyes,
She felt such bitter pain.
In travail strong she fell that night,
With many a bitter throe;
What woeful pangs she then did feel,
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting maid,
That lay at her beds feet,
Who, musing at her mistress' woe,
Did straight begin to weep.
Weep not, said she, but shut the door,
And windows round about,
Let none bewail my wretched state,
But keep all persons out.

O mistress, call your mother dear,
Of women you have need,
And of some skilful midwives help,
That better you may speed.
Call not my mother, for thy life,
Nor call the women here,
The midwives help comes all too late,
My death I do not fear.

With that the babe sprang in her womb,
No creature being nigh,
And with a figh, which brake her heart,
This gallant dame did die.
This living little infant young,
The mother being dead,
Refign'd his new received breath
To him that had him made.

Next morning came her lover true,
Affrighted at this news,
And he for sorrow flew himself,
Whom each one did accuse.
The mother with the new-born babe,
Were both laid in one grave :
Their parents overcome with woe,
No joy of them could have.

Take heed, you dainty damfels all,
Of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your names
Have you a special care.
Too true, alas ! this story is,
As many one can tell :
By others harms learn to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

B A L L A D

BALLAD VII.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

AS it fell one holydày,
 As many be in the year,
 When young men and maids together did go
 Their masses and matins to hear,

Little Musgrave came to the church door,
 The priest he was at mass;
 But he had more mind of the fair women,
 Than he had of our ladys grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
 The other was clad in pall;
 And then came in my lord Barnards wife,
 The fairest among them all.

She cast an eye on little Musgrave,
 As bright as the summer sun:
 O then bethought this little Musgrave,
 This ladys heart I have won.

Quoth she, I have lov'd thee, little Musgrave,
 Full long and many a day,
 So have I loved you, lady fair,
 Yet word I never durst say.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
Full daintily bedight,
If thou wilt wend thither, my little Musgrave,
Thouft lig in mine arms all night.

Quoth he, I thank ye, lady fair,
This kindness you show to me ;
And whether it be to my weal or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this was heard by a little tiny page,
By his ladys coach as he ran :
Quoth he, though I am my ladys page,
Yet I am my lord Barnards man.

My lord Barnard shall know of this,
Although I lose a limb,
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He laid him down to swim.

Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
For little Musgrave is at Bucklesford-Bury,
A-bed with thine own wedded wife.

If this be true, thou little tiny page,
This thing thou tell'ft to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesford-Bury,
I freely give to thee.

But

But if't be a lye, thou little tiny page,
This thing thou tell'ft to me,
On the higheft tree in Bucklesford-Bury,
Then hanged shalt thou be.

He called up his merry men all,
Come faddle me my ſteed ;
This night muſt I to Bucklesford-Bury ;
For I never had greater need.

And ſome of them whiſtled, and ſome of them fung,
And ſome theſe words did ſay,
And ever when as the lord Barnards horn blew,
Away, thou little Muſgrave, away.

Methinks I hear the throſtle cock,
Methinks I hear the jay,
Methinks I hear my lord Barnards horn ;
And I would I were away.

Lie ſtill, lie ſtill, thou little Muſgrave,
And huggle me from the cold ;
'Tis nothing but a ſhepherds boy,
A driving his ſheep to fold.

Is not thy hawk upon the perch?
Thy ſteed eats oats and hay ?
And thy fair lady in thine arms ;
And would'ſt thou be away ?

With

With that my lord Barnard came to the door,
And lighted upon a stone ;
He plucked out three silver keys,
And opened the doors each one.

He lifted up the coverlet,
He lifted up the sheet ;
How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,
Dost find my lady so sweet ?

I find her sweet, quoth little Musgrave,
The more 'tis to my pain ;
I would gladly give thee three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plain.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy clothes on,
It shall never be said in my country,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swords in one scabbard,
Full dear they cost my purse,
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave struck,
He hurt lord Barnard fore ;
The next stroke that lord Barnard struck,
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.

With

With that bespake the lady fair,
In bed whereas she lay,
Although th' art dead, thou little Musgrave,
Yet I for thee will pray :

And wish well to thy foul will I,
So long as I have life ;
So will not I do for thee, Barnard,
Though I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her paps from off her breasts ;
Great pity it was to see,
Some drops of this fair ladys heart blood
Ran trickling down her knee.

Woe worth you, woe worth, my merry men all,
You never were born for my good ;
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When you 'saw' me wax so wood ?

For I have slain the bravest fir knight,
That ever rode on a steed ;
So have I done the fairest lady,
That ever did womans deed.

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cried,
To put these lovers in ;
But lay my lady o' th' upper hand,
For she came o' th' better kin,

B A L L A D

B A L L A D V I I I.

F A I R R O S A M O N D.

WH E N as king Henry rul'd this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queen, he dearly lov'd,
A fair and comely dame :
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favour, and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this world
Did never prince embrace,

Her crisped locks like threads of gold
Appear'd to each mans sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light :
The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As if the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom dame Eleanor, our queen,
Was known a deadly foe.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

221

The King therefor, for her defence
Against the furious queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong,
One hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none, but with a clew of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And, for his love and ladys fake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.
But Fortune, that doth often frown
Where she before did smile,
The kings delight, the ladys joy,
Full soon she did beguile.

For why, the kings ungracious son,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised wars,
Within the realm of France.

Bu

But yet before our comely king
The English land forsook,
O Rosamond, his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took :

My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest flower in all the world
To feed my fantasy :
The flower of my affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excell:
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebels to abase.
But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
Did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did show ;

And

And from her clear and crystal eyes
Tears gushed out apace,
Which, like the silver-pearled dew,
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, erst like the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And, for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits did fail ;
And falling down all in a swoon,
Before king Henry's face,
Full oft he in his princely arms
Her body did embrace :

And twenty times, with watery eyes,
He kiss'd her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again
Her senses mild and meek.
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?
The king did often say.
Because, quoth she, to bloody wars
My lord must pass away.

But since your grace, on foreign coasts,
Among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
Why should I stay behind ?

And

Nay,

Nay, rather, let me, like a page,
Your sword and target bear ;
That on my breast the blows may light,
That should offend you there.

Or let me, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,
At your return from fight.
So I your presence may enjoy,
No toil I will refuse ;
But wanting you, my life is death ;
Which doth true love abuse.

Content thyself, my dearest love ;
Thy rest at home shall be ;
In Englands sweet and pleasant soil ;
For travel fits not thee.
Fair ladies brook not bloody wars ;
Sweet peace their pleasures breed ;
The nourisher of hearts content,
Which fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock bower,
With musics sweet delight ;
Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,
Against my foes do fight.

My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,
With diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
While I my foes do smite.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I trust
To be my loves defence,
Be careful of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetch'd a sigh,
As though his heart would break ;
And Rosamond, for very grief,
Not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore ;
After that day fair Rosamond
The king did see no more.
For when his grace had pass'd the seas,
And into France was gone,
Queen Eleanor, with envious heart,
To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty knight,
Who kept this curious bower ;
Who, with his clew of twined thread,
Came from this famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queen this thread did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
Was like an angel set.

But when the queen with stedfast eye
Beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding grace.
Cast off from thee these robes, she said,
That rich and costly be ;
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall ;
And pardon of the queen she crav'd
For her offences all.
Take pity on my youthful years,
Fair Rosamond did cry ;
And let me not with poison strong
Enforced be to die.

I will renounce my sinful life,
And in some cloister bide ;
Or else be banish'd, if you please,
To range the world so wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me
As you think good to do.

And, with these words, her lily hands
She wrung full often there;
And down along her lovely face
Proceeded many a tear.
But nothing could this furious queen
Therewith appeased be;
The cup of deadly poison strong,
As she fate on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drink;
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poison strong,
Her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every limb
Had show'd its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford town,
As may be seen this day.

B A L L A D IX.

THE LAMENTATION OF JANE SHORE.

IF Rosamond, that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a king.
Then wanton wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight ;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life ;
And then my life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well ;
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in court did ring,
Into the ears of Englands king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coy what he desir'd.

Yet mistress Blague, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
Did say, it was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefor did my state resign,
To be king Edwards concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content ;
And had the joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For mistress Blague I, in short space,
Obtain'd a living from his grace.

No friend I had but, in short time,
I made unto promotion climb ;
But yet, for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with grief did deadly sting ;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame ;
Although a prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the court,
With lords and ladies of great fort ;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people that were poor;
I still redress'd the orphans cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.

I still had ruth on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years;
And never look'd for other gain
But love and thanks for all my pain.

At last my royal king did die,
And then my days of woe grew nigh;
When crook-back Richard got the crown,
King Edwards friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet:

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from me
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto mistress Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she denied to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefor example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend, among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And fav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by law, it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I died myself therefor.

Then

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food ;
Whereby in vain I begg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes, and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed :
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length,
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent.

The which now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers say,
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.

You

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
 Be you assur'd that God is just ;
 Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
 That yielded only to a king,
 How shall they scape that dayly run
 To practise sin with every man.

You husbands, match not but for love,
 Left some disliking after prove ;
 Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives :
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

B A L L A D X.

T R U E L O V E R E Q U I T E D :

Or,

T H E B A I L I F F S D A U G H T E R O F I S L I N G T O N .

TH E R E was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
 And he was a squires son :
 He lov'd the bailiffs daughter dear,
 That liv'd in Islington.

She

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
His love he had not seen :
“ Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.”

All the maids of Islington,
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiffs daughter dear,
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of grey,
And put on her puggish attire,
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true love,
At length came riding by.

She

She stepp'd to him as red as any rose,
Catching hold of his bridle-ring:
" Pray you, kind fir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb."

" I prithee sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,
Where that thou wast born."
At Islington, kind fir, said she,
Where I have had many a scorn.

" I prithee, sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
" She's dead, fir, long ago."

" Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My faddle and my bow;
I will into some far country,
Where no man doth me know."

" O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride."

" O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more;
For now I have seen mine own true love,
That I thought I should have seen no more!"

B A L L A D

BALLAD XI.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.*

IN the days of old,
 When fair France did flourish,
 Stories plainly told,
 Lovers felt annoy :
 The king a daughter had,
 Beauteous, fair, and lovely,
 Which made her father glad,
 She was his only joy ;
 A prince from England came,
 Whose deeds did merit fame,
 He woo'd her long, and lo, at last,
 Look what he did require,
 She granted his desire ;
 Their hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her father proved,
 Lord, how he was moved,
 And tormented in his mind !
 He fought for to prevent them,
 And to discontent them,
 Fortune crossed lovers kind.

* The full title in the old copies, is " An excellent ballad of a prince of Englands courtship to the king of France's daughter, and how the prince was disafterously slain, and how the aforesaid princess was afterwards married to a Forrester."

When

When these princes twain
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kings disdain,
Which their joys withstood :
The lady lock'd up close
Her jewels and her treasure,
Having no remorse,
Of state and royal blood :
In homely poor array,
She went from court away,
To meet her love and hearts delight :
Who in a forest great
Had taken up his feat,
To wait her coming in the night :
But lo! what sudden danger
To this princely stranger
Chanced as he sat alone ;
By outlaws he was robbed,
And with poniard stabbed,
Uttering many a dying groan.

The princess armed by him,
And by true desire,
Wandering all that night,
Without dread at all ;
Still unknown she pass'd,
In her strange attire,
Coming at the last,
Within echos call,
You fair woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
Harbouring my hearts delight :

Which

Which doth encompass here,
My joy and only dear,
My trusty friend and comely knight.
Sweet, I come unto thee,
Sweet, I come to woo thee,
That thou may'st not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
Amends for all I'll make to thee.

Passing thus alone,
Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous groan,
Sounded in her ear ;
Where she heard a man
To lament the forest
Chance that ever came ;
Forc'd by deadly strife,
Farewell, my dear, quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
For why my life is at an end ;
For thy sweet sake I die,
Through villains cruelty,
To show I am a faithful friend :
Here lie I a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding,
On the rarest beauty found ;
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my lady,
My hearts blood lies on the ground.

With

With that he gave a groan,
That did break afunder
All the tender strings
Of his gentle heart;
She who knew his voice,
At his tale did wonder,
All her former joys
Did to grief convert:
Straight she ran to see,
Who this man should be,
That so like her love did speak;
And found, when as she came,
Her lovely lord lay slain,
Smear'd in blood, which life did break:
Which when she espied,
Lord, how sore she cried!
Her sorrows could not counted be;
Her eyes like fountains running,
While she cried out, My darling,
Would God that I had died for thee!

His pale lips, alas!
Twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash
With her brinish tears;
Every bleeding wound,
Her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
With her golden hair:
Speak, my love, quoth she,
Speak, dear prince, to me,

One sweet word of comfort give;
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Listen to my cries,
Think in what great grief I live.
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
The prince's life was fled and gone,
There stood she still mourning,
Till the suns returning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distress,
Quoth this royal lady,
Who can now express,
What will become of me?
To my fathers court
Never will I wander,
But some service seek,
Where I may placed be.
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
In this deep and deadly fear,
A forester, all in green,
Most comely to be seen,
Ranging the wood, did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow;
Maid, quoth he, good morrow,
What hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a maiden ever,
Here lies slain my brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd ?
Gentle forester, tell me ;
Where might I procure
A service in my need ?
Pains I will not spare,
But will do my duty ;
Ease me of my care,
Help my extreme need.
The forester, all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
Till his heart was set on fire ;
If, fair maid, quoth he,
You will go with me,
You shall have your hearts desire.
He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
He set forth this maidens praise ;
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
So fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he match'd
With the kings fair daughter,
Children seven he had
Ere she to him was known ;
But when he understood
She was a royal princess,
By this means at last
He shewed forth her fame ;
He cloth'd his children then,
Not like to other men,
In party colours strange to see,

The right side cloth of gold,
 The left side to behold
 Of woolen cloth still framed he:
 Men thereat did wonder,
 Golden fame did thunder
 This strange deed in every place:
 The king of France came thither,
 Being pleasant weather,
 In the woods the hart to chase.

The children there did stand,
 As their mother willed,
 Where the royal king
 Must of force come by;
 Their mother richly clad
 In fair crimson velvet;
 Their father all in grey,
 Most comely to the eye.
 When this famous king,
 Noting every thing,
 Did ask how he durst be so bold
 To let his wife to wear,
 And deck his children there,
 In costly robes of pearl and gold.
 The forester bold replied,
 And the cause descried,
 And to the king he thus did say,
 Well may they, by their mother,
 Wear rich clothes with other,
 Being by birth a princess gay.

The king, upon these words,
 Most heedfully beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush
 His conceit did cross:
 The more I look, quoth he,
 Upon thy wife and children,
 The more I call to mind
 My daughter whom I lost.
 I am that child, quoth she,
 Falling on her knee,
 Pardon me my sovereign liege.
 The king perceiving this,
 His daughter dear did kiss,
 Till joyful tears did stop his speech:
 With his train he turned,
 And with her sojourned;
 Straight he dubb'd her husband knight;
 He made him earl of Flanders,
 One of his chief commanders,
 Thus was their sorrow put to flight.

B A L L A D XII.

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN:

Or,

THE LADY TURN'D SERVING-MAN.

YOU beauteous ladies great and small,
 I write unto you one and all,
 Whereby that you may understand
 What I have suffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,
My fathers chief and only heir,
But when my good old father died,
Then I was made a young knights bride.

And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see,
Than my true love did build for me.

But there came thieves late in the night,
They robb'd my bower, and flew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

My servant, all from me did fly,
In th' midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With a heart more cold than any stone,

Yet, though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
Wherefor in haste I chang'd my name
From fair Elise to Sweet William.

And therewithall I cut my hair,
And dres'd myself in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck,

With a silver rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride ;
The thing that I delighted on,
It was to be a serving-man.

Thus in my sumptuous mans array,
I bravely rode along the way ;
And at the last it chanced so,
That I to the kings court did go.

Then to the king I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to shew ;
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a serving-mans place might have.

Stand up, brave youth, the king replied,
Thy service shall not be denied ;
But tell me first what thou can't do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all ?
Or wilt thou be tapster of my wine,
To wait on me when I do dine ?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine ?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard ?
And I will give thee thy reward.

Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, If't please your grace,
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

The king then did the nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all;
Who gave consent sweet William he,
The kings own chamberlain should be.

Now mark what strange thing came to pass,
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

Sweet William had no company then]
With him at home but an old man;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there;

Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice:

My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford,
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight.

And I myself a lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array,
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

I had my music every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

But now, alas ! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled ;
My former joys are pass'd and gone,
For I am now a serving-man.

At last the king from hunting came,
And presently upon the same,
He called for this good old man,
And thus to speak the king began :

What news, what news, old man ? quoth he ;
What news hast thou to tell to me ?
Brave news, the old man he did say,
Sweet William is a lady gay.

If this be true thou tell'st to me
I'll make thee a lord of high degree ;
But if thy words do prove a lie,
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.

But

But when the king the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound :
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a lady gay.

Therefor the king, without delay,
Put on her glorious rich array,
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife :
The like before was never seen,
A serving-man to be a queen.

BALLAD XIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD :

Or,

THE NORFOLK GENTLEMANS LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light :

A gen-

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate,

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beautys mold.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd :
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

Now,

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here :
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day ;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother dear,
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kiss'd her children small :
 God bless you both, my children dear.
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
 To this sick couple there :
 The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear ;

God

God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor ought else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makēs.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send,
To be brought up in fair Londòn,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made murderers hearts relent ;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife ;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the childrens life :
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye,
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry :
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain :
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down ;
 But never more they saw the man,
 Approaching from the town :

Their

So

Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and died,
And, when they saw the darksome night,
They fate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one anothers arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stay'd.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act,
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was Gods blessed will ;
 Who did confes the very truth,
 The which is here exprefs'd ;
 Their uncle died while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

BALLAD XIV.

GEORGE BARNWEL.

ALL youths of fair England,
 That dwell both far and near,
 Regard my story that I tell,
 And to my song give ear.

A London

A London lad I was,
A merchants prentice bound,
My name George Barnwel, that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street,
About my masters business,
I did a wanton meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire.
With smiling looks she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had delar'd,
She gave me then a kifs,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

In faith, my boy, quoth she,
Such news I can you tell,
As shall rejoice your very heart,
Then come where I do dwell.

Fair mistress, then said I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather moneys in,
That is my masters due:
And, ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwel, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for mistress Milwood there,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
For thy friends sake, and as my own heart,
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to mistress Milwoods house,
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
 Straightway herself came down ;
 Rustling in most brave attire,
 Her hood and filken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
 So gloriously did shine,
 That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
 She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
 And with a modest grace,
 Welcome, sweet Barnwel, then quoth she,
 Unto this homely place.

Welcome ten thousand times,
 More welcome than my brother,
 And better welcome, I protest,
 Than any one or other.

And seeing I have thee found
 As good as thy word to be,
 A homely supper, ere thou part,
 Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
 Fair mistress I you pray ;
 For why, out of my masters house
 So long I dare not stay :

Alas,

Alas, good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly tied,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the case is hard ;
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live in house with thee.

Therefor, my sweetest George,
Lift well what I do say,
And do not blame a woman much
Her fancy to bewray :

Let not affections force
Be counted lewd desire ;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love requirè.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By holding down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
All wrought with silk and gold :
Which she, to stay her trickling tears,
Against her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight, bidst thou, good maid,
 Was wond'rous rare and strange;
 And in my mind and inward thought
 It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy was
 To take her by the hand;
 Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
 So sad and heavy stand?

Call me no mistress now,
 But Sarah, thy true friend,
 Thy servant Sarah, honouring thee
 Until her life doth end.

If thou would'st here alledge,
 Thou art in years a boy;
 So was Adonis, yet was he
 Fair Venus' love and joy.

Thus I, that ne'er before
 Of woman found such grace,
 And seeing now so fair a dame
 Give me a kind embrace,

I supp'd with her that night,
 With joys that did abound;
 And for the same paid presently
 In money twice three pound.

ANCIENT BALLADS.

261

An hundred kisses then
For my farewell she gave;
Saying, Sweet Barnwel, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not too long, my dear;
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitch'd my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her 'eye';
O George, quoth she, if thou do'st fail,
Thy Sarah sure will die.

Though long, yet lo! at last,
The 'pointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lie.

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What

What ails my hearts delight,
 My Sarah dear ? quoth I ;
 Let not my love lament and grieve,
 Nor sighing, pine, and die.

But tell to me, my dearest friend,
 What may thy woes amend,
 And thou shalt seek no means of help,
 Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,
 And sickly thus did say,
 Oh, my sweet George, my grief is great,
 Ten pounds I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch ;
 And God he knows, quoth she,
 I have it not. Tush, rise, quoth he,
 And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
 Shall make my love decay.
 Then from his bag into her lap,
 He cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
 To banqueting they go ;
 She proffered him to lie with her,
 And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coin,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
All which I did purloin.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in,
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pounds that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Milwood then
My state I did report.

But how she us'd this youth,
In this his extreme need,
The which did her necessity
So oft with money feed;

The Second Part, behold,
Shall tell it forth at large;
And shall a strumpets wily ways,
With all her tricks discharge.

T H E S E C O N D P A R T

Young Barnwel here comes unto thee,
 Sweet Sarah, my delight,
 I am undone except thou stand
 My faithful friend this night.

Our master to command accounts,
 Hath just occasion found ;
 And I am found behind the hand
 Almost two hundred pound :

And therefor, knowing not at all
 What answer for to make,
 And his displeasure to escape,
 My way to thee I take,

Hoping in this extremity
 Thou wilt my succour be,
 That for a time I may remain
 In safety here with thee ;

With that she knit and bent her brows,
 And looking all aquoy,
 Quoth she, what should I have to do
 With any 'prentice boy ?

And seeing you have purloin'd and got
Your masters goods away,
The case is bad, and therefor here
I mean thou shalt not stay.

Why, sweetheart, thou know'st, he said,
That all which I did get,
I gave it, and did spend it all,
Upon thee every whit.

Thou knowest I loved thee so well,
Thou could'st not ask the thing,
But that I did, incontinent,
The same unto thee bring.

Quoth she, thou art a paltry jack,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit good,
And known of good report :

And therefor this I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed ;
I do defy thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the love and friendship, which
Thou did'st to me ' profess' ?
Is this the great affection which
You seemed to express ?

Now fye on all deceitful shows,
 The best is, I may speed
 To get a lodging any where
 For money in my need.

Therefor, false woman, now farewell,
 While twenty pound doth last,
 My anchor in some other haven
 I will with wisdom cast.

When she perceived by his words
 That he had money store,
 That she had gall'd him in such sort,
 It griev'd her heart full sore:

Therefor to call him back again
 She did suppose it best,
 Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick;
 Why, man, I do but jest.

Think'st thou for all my passed speech,
 That I would let thee go?
 Faith no, quoth she, my love to thee
 I wis is more than so.

You will not deal with prentice boys,
 I heard you even now swear,
 Therefor I will not trouble you.
 My George, hark in thine ear:

Thou shalt not go to-night, quoth she,
 What chance foe'er befall;
 But, man, we'll have a bed for thee,
 Or else the devil take all.

Thus I, that was by wiles bewitch'd,
 And snar'd with fancy still,
 Had not the power to put away,
 Or to withstand her will.

Then wine and wine I called in,
 And cheer upon good cheer;
 And nothing in the world I thought,
 For Sarahs love too dear,

Whilst I was in her company,
 In joy and merriment;
 And all too little I did think,
 That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and careful thoughts!
 When all my gold is gone,
 In faith, my girl, we will have more,
 Whoever it light upon.

My father's rich, why then, quoth I,
 Should I want any gold?
 With a father, indeed, quoth she,
 A son may well be bold.

I have

I have a sister richly wed,
 I'll rob her ere I'll want.
 Why then, quoth Sarah, they may well
 Consider of your scant.

Nay, more than this, an uncle I have,
 At Ludlow he doth dwell:
 He is a grazier, which in wealth
 Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack, quoth he,
 And have no coin for thee;
 I'll rob his house, and murder him:
 Why should you not? quoth she:

Ere I would want, were I a man,
 Or live in poor estate;
 On father, friends, and all my kin,
 I would my talons grate.

For without money, George, quoth she,
 A man is but a beast:
 And bringing money, thou shalt be
 Always my chiefest guest.

For say thou should'st pursued be
 With twenty hues and cries,
 And with a warrant searched for
 With Argus' hundred eyes:

Yet

Yet in my house thou shalt be safe;
Such privy ways there be,
That if they fought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing in their cups,
Their pleasures to content,
George Barnwel had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which being done, to Ludlow then
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle then,
His minion would it so.

And once or twice he thought to take
His father by the way;
But that he thought his master had
Took order for his stay*.

Directly to his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Where with welcome and good cheer
He did him entertain.

A se'nnights space he stayed there,
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

* i. e. for stopping and apprehending him at his fathers. PERCY.

His

His kinsman needs must ride with him ;
 And when he saw right plain,
 Great store of money he had took,
 In coming home again,

Most suddenly, within a wood,
 He struck his uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head ;
 So sore he crack'd his crown.

And fourscore pound, in ready coin,
 Out of his purse he took,
 And coming in to London town,
 The country quite forsook.

To Sarah Milwood then he came,
 Shewing his store of gold ;
 And how he had his uncle slain,
 To her he plainly told.

Tush, it's no matter, George, quoth she,
 So we the money have,
 To have good cheer in jolly fort,
 And deck us fine and brave.

And thus they lived in filthy fort,
 Till all his store was gone :
 And means to get them any more,
 I wis poor George had none.

And

And therefor now, in railing fort,
She thrust him out of door:
Which is the just reward they get,
That spend upon a whore.

Oh! do me not this foul disgrace,
In this my need, quoth he.
She call'd him thief and murderer,
With all despite might be.

And to the constable she went,
To have him apprehended;
And shew'd in each degree how far
He had the law offended.

When Barnwel saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear, and dread, and conscience sing,
Upon himself doth stay.

Unto the mayor of London then,
He did a letter write;
Wherein his own and Sarahs faults
He did at large recite.

Whereby she apprehended was,
And then to Ludlow sent:
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder, incontinent.

And

And

And there this gallant quean did die,
 This was her greatest gains :
 For murder, in Polonia
 Was Barnwel hang'd in chains,

Lo ! here's the end of wilful youth,
 That after harlots haunt ;
 Who, in the spoil of other men,
 About the streets do flaunt.

BALLAD XV.

KING HENRY THE SECOND AND THE MILLER OF
MANSFIELD.

HENRY our royal king, would ride a hunting,
 To the green forest, so pleasant and fair ;
 To have the hart chased, and dainty does tripping ;
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair :
 Hawk and hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the same, to the game, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
 With all his princes and nobles each one ;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gallantly,
 Till the dark evening enforc'd them turn home.
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in dark night.

Wand'ring

Wand'ring thus wearily, all alone, up and down,
 With a rude miller he met at the last ;
 Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham,
 Sir, quoth the miller, your way you have lost :
 Yet I think, what I think, truth for to say,
 You do not likely ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me ? quoth our king merrily,
 Passing thy judgement upon me so brief :
 Good faith, quoth the miller, I mean not to flatter thee ;
 I guess thee to be but some gentleman thief :
 Stand thee back, in the dark ; light thee not down,
 Lest that I presently crack thy knaves crown.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth our king, saying thus :
 I am a gentleman, and lodging I lack.
 Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in thy purse ;
 All thy inheritance hangs on thy back.
 " I have gold to discharge all that I call ;
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

If thou beest a true man, then said the miller,
 I swear by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
 Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
 Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite :
 Better I'll know thee, ere hands I do take ;
 With none but honest men hands will I shake.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house,
 Where they were feething of puddings and soufe :
 The miller first enter'd in, then after him the king ;
 Never came he in so smoky a house.
 Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
 Quoth our king, Look your fill, and do not spare.

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;
 With my son Richard this night thou shalt lie."
 Quoth his wife, By my troth, it is a handsome youth ;
 Yet it is best, husband, for to deal warily :
 Art thou not a run-away, I pray thee, youth, tell ?
 Show me thy passport, and all shall be well.

Then our king presently, making low courtesy,
 With his hat in his hand, thus he did say :
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor ;
 But a poor courtier, rode out of my way :
 And for your kindness here offered to me,
 I will requite it in every degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretly,
 Saying, It seems, this youth's of good kin,
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;
 To turn him out, certainly 'twere a great sin.
 Yea, quoth he, you may see, he hath some grace,
 When he doth speak to his betters in place.

Well,

Well, quoth the millers wife, young man, welcome here,
 And, though I say it, well lodg'd thou shalt be :
 Fresh straw I will have laid on thy bed so brave,
 Good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth she.
 Ay, quoth the good man ; and when that is done,
 You shall lie with no worse than our own son.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good fellow, tell me true ;
 Hast any creepers within thy gay hose ?
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabado ?
 I pray you, quoth the king, what things are those ?
 Art thou not lousy, nor scabby ? quoth he ;
 If thou be'st, surely thou liest not with me.

This caus'd the king suddenly to laugh most heartily,
 Till the tears trickled down from his eyes.
 Then to their supper were they set orderly,
 With a hot bag-pudding, and good apple-pies ;
 Nappy ale, stout and stale, in a brown bowl,
 Which did about the board merrily troul.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellow, I drink to thee,
 And to all court-nols that courteous be.
 I'll pledge you, quoth our king, and thank you heartily,
 For your good welcome in every degree :
 And here, in like manner, I'll drink to your son.
 Do so, quoth Richard ; but quick let it come.

Well,

T 2

Wife

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth Lightfoot,
 That we of his sweetness a little may taste :
 A fair venison pasty, then brought she forth presently ;
 Eat, quoth the miller ; but, sir, make no waste.
 Here's dainty lightfoot, in faith, said our king ;
 I never before eat so dainty a thing.

I wis, said Richard, no dainty at all it is,
 For we do eat of it every day.
 In what place, said our king, may be bought like to this ?
 We never pay penny for it, by my fay :
 From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
 Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I think, said our king, that it is venison.
 Each fool, quoth Richard, full well may see that :
 Never are we without two or three under the roof,
 Very well fished, and excellent fat :
 But, pray thee, say nothing where'er thou dost go ;
 We would not, for two-pence, the king should it know.

Doubt not, then said our king, my promis'd secrecy ;
 The king shall never know more on't for me.
 A cup of lambswool they drank unto him then,
 And to their beds they pass'd presently.
 The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
 For to seek out the king, in every town.

At last, at the millers house, soon they espied him plain,
 As he was mounting upon his fair steed ;
 To whom they came presently, falling down on their knees ;
 Which made the millers heart woefully bleed :
 Shaking and quaking before him he stood,
 Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearful and trembling,
 Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said :
 The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
 Doubting the king would have cut off his head :
 But his kind courtesy there to requite,
 Gave him a living and made him a knight.

T H E S E C O N D P A R T.

When as our royal king came home from Nottingham,
 And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
 Recounting the sports and pastimes they had ta'en,
 In this late progress along by the way ;
 Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
 The miller of Mansfields sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined
 Against Saint Georges next sumptuous feast,
 That this old miller, our last confirmed knight,
 With his son Richard, shall both be my guest :
 For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire,
 To talk with the jolly knight, and the brave squire.

When as the noblemen saw the kings pleasantness,
They were right joyful and glad in their hearts ;
A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business,
The which had many times been in those parts.
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
His message orderly then he did tell.

God save your worship, then said the messenger,
And grant your lady her hearts desire,
And to your son Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet young gentleman, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you all, and thus doth say,
You must come to the court on Saint Georges day.

Therefor, in any case, fail not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :
What should we do there ? he said : faith, I am half afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you do mistake ;
Our king he prepares a great feast for your sake.

Then said the miller, Now by my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worship full well.
Hold, here's three farthings, to quit thy great gentleness,
For these happy tidings which thou dost me tell.
Let me see, hear'st thou me ? tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastership in every thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicity,
 And, making many legs, took their reward :
 And, taking then his leave with great humility,
 To the kings court again he repair'd ;
 Shewing unto his grace, in each degree,
 The knights most liberal gift and bounty.

When as he was gone away, thus did the miller say :
 Here comes expences and charges indeed ;
 Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all we have ;
 For of new garments we have great need :
 Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
 With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.

Tush, sir John, quoth his wife, neither do fret nor frown ;
 You shall be at no more charges for me,
 For I will turn and trim up my old russet gown,
 With every thing as fine as may be ;
 And on our mill-horses full swift we will ride,
 With pillows and pannels as we shall provide.

In this most stately sort, rode they unto the court,
 Their jolly son Richard foremost of all ;
 Who set up, by good hap, a cocks feather in his cap ;
 And so they jetted down towards the kings hall :
 The merry old miller, with his hand on his side ;
 His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
 Meeting this gallant knight, with his brave train;
 Welcome, fir knight, quoth he, with this your gay lady;
 Good fir John Cockle, once welcome again:
 And so is the squire, of courage so free.
 Quoth Dick, A bots on you; do you know me?

Quoth our king gently, How should I forget thee?
 Thou wast mine own bed fellow, well that I wot.
 "But I do think on a trick."—Tell me that, prithee Dick.
 "How we with farting did make the bed hot."
 Thou whoreson, happy knave, then quoth the knight,
 Speak cleanly to our king, or else go shite.

The king and his counsellors heartily laugh'd at this,
 While the king took them both by the hand;
 With ladies and their maids, like to the Queen of Spades,
 The millers wife did so orderly stand:
 A milk maids curtesy at every word;
 And down the folks were set at the side-board:

Where the king royally, in princely majesty,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight:
 When he had eaten well, to jesting then 'he' fell,
 Taking a bowl of wine, drank to the knight:
 Here's to you both, he said, in wine, ale and beer;
 Thanking you all for your country cheer.

Quoth

Quoth fir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire :
 But, then said our king, I do think of a thing ;
 Some of your light-foot I would we had here.
 Ho, ho, quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to eat it, and then to bewray it.

Why, art thou angry ? quoth our king merrily ;
 In faith, I take it very unkind :
 I thought thou would'st pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
 Y'are like to stay, quoth Dick, till I have din'd :
 You feed us with twattling dishes so small ;
 Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.

Ay, marry, quoth our king, that were a dainty thing,
 If a man could get one here for to eat.
 With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one out of his
 hose,
 Which with heat of his breech began to sweat.
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away :
 " 'Tis meat for your master : good fir, you must stay."

Thus with great merriment, was the time wholly spent ;
 And then the ladies prepared to dance :
 Old fir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent,
 Unto this practice the king did advance :
 Here with the ladies such sport they did make,
 The nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake.

Many

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them then,
 Asking young Richard, if he would wed :
 " Among those ladies free, tell me which liketh thee ?"
 Quoth he, Jug Grumball, with the red head :
 She's my love, she's my life, she will I wed ;
 She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead,

Then sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
 And of merry Sherwood made him overseer ;
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly ;
 But now take heed you steal no more of my deer :
 And once a quarter let's here have your view ;
 And thus, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

B A L L A D XVI.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

I'll tell you a story, a story anon,
 Of a noble prince, and his name was King John ;
 For he was a prince, and a prince of great might,
 He held up great wrongs, and he put down great right.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
 Concerning the abbot of Canterbury,
 And of his house keeping and high renown,
 Which made him repair to fair London town.
 Derry down, &c.

How

How now, brother abbot ! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepest a far better house than I;
And for thy house keeping and high renown,
I fear thou hast treason against my crown.

Derry down, &c.

I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge,
For spending of my true gotten goods.
If thou dost not answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

Derry down, &c.

When I am set ' so high on my steed,'
With my crown of gold upon my head,
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Derry down, &c.

And the next question ' thou' must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the world about ;
And [at] the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.

Derry down, &c.

O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
For I cannot answer your grace as yet,
But if you will give me but three days space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Derry down, &c.

O three

O three days space I will thee give,
For that is the longest day thou hast to live;
And if thou dost not answer these questions right,
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.

Derry down, &c.

And as the old shepherd was going to his fold,
He spied the old abbot come riding along,
How now, master abbot! you're welcome home:
What news have you brought us from good King John?

Derry down, &c.

Sad news, sad news, I have thee to give,
For I have but three days space to live;
If I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be taken from my body.

Derry down, &c.

When he is set 'so high on his steed,'
With his crown of gold upon his head,
Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much mirth,
I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.

Derry down, &c.

And the next question I must not flout,
How long he shall be riding the world about;
And [at] the third question I must not shrink.
But tell him truly what he does think.

Derry down, &c.

© master,

O maffer, did you never hear it yet,
That a fool may learn a wife man wit ;
Lend me but your horse and your apparel,
I'll ride to fair London and answer the quarrel.

Derry down, &c.

Now I am fet ' so high on my steed,'
With my crown of gold upon my head,
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,
Now tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

Derry down, &c.

For thirty pence our saviour was sold,
Amongst the false Jews, as I have been told,
And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he.

Derry down, &c.

And the next question thou mayest not flout,
How long I shall be riding the world about.
You must rise with the sun and ride with the same
Until the next morning he rises again ;
And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.

Derry down, &c.

And [at] the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.
All that I can do, and 'twill make your grace merry,
For you think I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;

But

But I'm his poor shepherd, as you may see,
And am come to beg pardon for 'him' and for me.

Derry down, &c.

The king he turn'd him about and did smile,
Saying, thou shalt be the abbot the other while.
O no, my grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither write nor read.

Derry down, &c.

Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true jest thou hast told unto me ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

Derry down, &c.

B A L L A D XVII.

THE SCOTCHMAN OUTWITTED BY THE FARMERS DAUGHTER.

COLD and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
All the hills were hid with snow,
Cover'd with winter yearly ;
As I was riding o'er the slough,
I met with a farmers daughter,
Rofy cheeks, and a bonny brow,
Good faith my mouth did water.

Down

Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
 Meaning to show my breeding ;
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her visage far exceeding :
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a parley ;
 She told me, to the next market-town,
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lies fairly,
 Seek no further one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy barley :
 Twenty pound more shall purchase delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig with me all night,
 And gang home in the morning early.

If forty pound would buy the glöbe,
 This thing I would not do, fir,
 Or were my friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raise 'em so, fir ;
 For should you prove one night my friend,
 We'll get a young kid together,
 And you'd be gone ere nine months end,
 Then where should I find the father ?

Pray, what would my parents say,
 If I should be so silly
 To give my maidenhead away,
 And lose my true love Billy ?

Oh,

Down

Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,
And therefor I say you nay, fir :
And if that you would me embrace,
First marry, and then you may, fir.

I told her, I had wedded been
Fourteen years, and longer,
Else I'd choose her for my queen,
And tie the knot more stronger.
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my wedlock fairly,
And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,
For some other should buy her barley.

Then, as swift as any roe,
She rode away and left me ;
After her I could not go,
Of joy she quite bereft me :
Thus I myself did disappoint,
For she did leave me fairly ;
My words knock'd all things out of joint,
I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
Some two or three hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again
This farmers bonny daughter :
Although it was both raw and cold,
I stay'd to hold a parley,
And show'd once more my purse of gold,
When as she had sold her barley.

Love,

Love, said I, pray do not frown,
 But let us change embraces,
 I'll buy thee a fine filken gown,
 With ribbons, gloves, and laces,
 A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,
 No lady shall have neater ;
 For, as I am an honest man,
 I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,
 And said, My dearest jewel,
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand ?
 I prithee be not cruel.
 She found my mind was wholly bent
 To pleasure my fond desire,
 Therefor she seemed to consent,
 But I wish I had never come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
 If I commit this evil,
 And yield myself in love with you ?
 I hope you will prove civil.
 You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
 And likewise gold and treasure ;
 Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
 And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd,
 Said I, my own dear honey.
 Then intò her lap I laid
 Full forty pounds in money ;

We'll to the market-town this day,
And straightway end this quarrel,
And deck thee like a lady gay,
In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there
To her I did deliver ;
On the road we did repair,
Out-coming to a river,
Whose waters are both deep and wide,
Such rivers I ne'er see many,
She leapt her mare on the other side,
And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,
With grief and care surrounded,
After her I could not go,
For fear of being drowned.
She turn'd about, and said, Behold,
I am not for your devotion ;
But, sir, I thank you for your gold,
'Twill serve to enlarge my portion.

I began to stamp and stare,
To see what she had acted ;
With my hands I tore my hair,
Like one that was distracted :
Give me my money, then I cried,
Good faith I did but lend it.
But she full fast away did ride,
And vow'd she did not intend it.

BALLAD XVIII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.*

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king;
By force of arms great victories won,
And conquest home did bring;

Then into Britain straight he came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him,
Which were of the Round Table.

And many jousts and tournaments
Before him there were prest,
Wherein these knights did then excell,
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He, in his fights and deeds of arms,
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
To play, and game, and sport;
He thought he would approve himself
In some advent'rous fort:

* The title of the old copies is, but very improperly, "The noble achievements of king Arthur, and his knights of the round table. To the tune of Flying Fame."

He armed rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great ;
Whereto he gave good ear.

Why should not I ? quoth Lancelot tho,
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seem'st, quoth she, a knight right good,
And I will bring thee thither,

Whereas the mightiest knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame :
Wherefor tell me what knight thou art ;
And then what is thy name.

" My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, It likes me, then ;
Here dwells a knight that never was
O'ermatch'd of any man ;

Who hath in prison threescore knights
And four, that he hath bound ;
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
And of the Table Round.

She brought him to a river then,
And also to a tree,
Whereas a copper bason hung,
His fellows shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke ;
 When Tarquin heard the sound,
 He drove a horse before him straight,
 Whereon a knight was bound.

Sir knight, then said Sir Lancelot,
 Bring me that horse load hither,
 And lay him down, and let him rest ;
 We'll try our force together :

For, as I understand, thou hast,
 As far as thou art able,
 Done great despite and shame unto
 The knights of the Round Table.

If thou art of the Table Round,
 Quoth Tarquin speedily,
 Both thee, and all thy fellowship,
 I utterly defy.

That's over much, quoth Lancelot tho ;
 Defend thee by and by.
 They put their spurs unto their steeds,
 And each at other fly.

They couch'd their spears, and horses run,
 As though they had been thunder ;
 And each struck then upon the shield,
 Wherewith they brake afunder.

Their horses backs brake under them ;
The knights they were astound :
To avoid their horses they made haste
To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out then ;
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each one at other run.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand ;
And leaning on their swords a while,
Quoth Tarquin, Hold thy hand ;

And tell to me what I shall ask,
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best knight
That ever I did know ;

And like a knight that I did hate :
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelot then ;
But fith it so must be,
What is the knight thou hatest thus,
I pray thee show to me ?

His name is Lancelot du Lake ;
 He slew my brother dear ;
 Him I suspect of all the rest :
 I would I had him here.

“Thy with thou hast, but now unknown ;
 I am Lancelot du Lake,
 Now knight of Arthurs table round,
 King Hands son of Benwake :

And I defy thee, do thy worst.”
 Ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho,
 One of us two shall end our lives,
 Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
 Then welcome shalt thou be ;
 Wherefor see thou thyself defend,
 For now I dèfy thee.

They hurled then together fast,
 Like two wild boars so rashing,
 And with their swords and shields they ran
 At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood,
 Tarquìn began to faint ;
 For he had back'd, and bore his shield
 So low, he did repent.

Which soon espied Lancelot tho;
 He leap'd upon him then,
 He pull'd him down upon his knee,
 And rushed off his helm;

And then [he] struck his neck in two;
 And, when he had done so,
 From prison threescore knights and four
 Lancelot deliver'd tho.

B A L L A D XIX.

S I R G U Y O F W A R W I C K.*

W A S ever knight, for ladys fake,
 So tofs'd in love, as I, Sir Guy,
 For Phillis fair, that lady bright
 As ever man beheld with eye?
 She gave me leave myself to try,
 The valiant knight with shield and spear,
 Ere that her love she would grant me;
 Which made me venture far and near.

* The full title is, "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight, Sir Guy of Warwick, who for the love of Fair Phillis became a hermet, and died in a cave of a craggy rock a mile distant from Warwick. Tune, Was ever Man, &c."

The proud Sir Guy, a baron bold,
 In deeds of arms the doughty knight,
 That every day in England was,
 With sword and spear in field to fight;
 An English man I was by birth,
 In faith of Christ a Christian true;
 The wicked laws of infidels
 I fought by power to subdue.

Two hundred twenty years, and odd
 After our saviour Christ his birth,
 When king Athelstan wore the crown,
 I lived here upon the earth.
 Sometime I was of Warwick earl,
 And, as I said, on very truth,
 A ladys love did me constrain
 To seek strange ventures in my youth:

To try my fame by feats of arms,
 In strange and sundry heathen lands;
 Where I atchieved, for her sake,
 Right dangerous conquests with my hands.
 For first I fail'd to Normandy,
 And there I stoutly won in fight,
 The emperours daughter of Almain,
 From many a valiant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas of Greece,
 To help the emperour to his right,
 Against the mighty foldans host
 Of puissant Persians for to fight:

Where

Where I did flay of Saracens,
And heathen pagans, many a man,
And flew the foldans coufin dear,
Who had to name, doughty Colbròn.

Ezkeldered, that famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue,
And Almain, king of Tyre, also,
Most terrible too in fight to view :
I went into the foldans host,
Being thither on ambassage sent,
And brought away his head with me,
I having slain him in his tent.

There was a dragon in the land,
Which I also myself did slay,
As he a lion did pursue,
Most fiercely met me by the way.
From thence I pass'd the seas of Greece,
And came to Pavy land aright,
Where I the duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
Towards fair Phillis, lady bright ;
For love of whom I travel'd far,
To try my manhood and my might.
But when I had espoused her,
I stay'd with her but forty days,
But there I left this lady fair,
And then I went beyond the seas.

All clad in gray, in pilgrim fort,
 My voyage from her I did take,
 Unto that blessed holy land,
 For Jesus Christ my saviours sake :
 Where I earl Jonas did redeem,
 And all his sons, which were fifteen,
 Who with the cruel Saracen,
 In prison for long time had been.

I slew the giant Amarant,
 In battle fiercely hand to hand :
 And doughty Barknard killed I,
 The mighty duke of that same land.
 Then I to England came again,
 And here with Colbron fell I fought,
 An ugly giant, which the Danes
 Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
 And slew him dead right valiantly ;
 Where I the land did then redeem
 From Danish tribute utterly ;
 And afterwards I offered up
 The use of weapons solemnly,
 At Winchester, whereas I fought,
 In fight of many far and nigh.

In Windfor-forest I did slay
 A boar of passing might and strength ;
 The like in England never was,
 For hugeness, both in breadth and length.

Some

Some of his bones in Warwick, yet,
Within the castle there, do lie ;
One of his shield-bones, to this day,
Hangs in the city of Coventry.

On Dunsmore-heath I also flew
A monstrous, wild, and cruel beast,
Call'd the dun-cow of Dunsmore-heath ;
Which many people had oppress'd :
Some of her bones in Warwick, yet,
Still for a monument doth lie ;
Which, unto every lookers view,
As wond'rous strange, they may espy,

Another dragon in the land,
I also did in fight destroy,
Which did both men and beasts oppress,
And all the country fore annoy.
And then to Warwick came again,
Like pilgrim poor, and was not known,
And there I liv'd a hermits life,
A mile and more out of the town,

Where, with my hand, I hew'd a house,
Out of a craggy rock of stone ;
And lived like a palmer poor,
Within that cave, myself alone ;
And dayly came to beg my food
Of Phillis, at my castle-gate,
Not known unto my loving wife,
Who dayly mourned for her mate.

Till at the last I fell fore sick,
 Yea, sick so fore that I must die ;
 I sent to her a ring of gold,
 By which she knew me presently.
 Then she repaired to the cave,
 Before that I gave up the ghost ;
 Herself clos'd up my dying eyes :
 My Phillis fair, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful Death did me arrest,
 To bring my corpse unto the grave ;
 And like a palmer died I,
 Whereby I hope my soul to save.
 My body in Warwick yet doth lie,
 Though now it is consum'd to mold ;
 My stature was engraven in stone,
 This present day you may behold.

B A L L A D XX.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE.

OF a worthy London prentice
 My purpose is to speak,
 And tell his brave adventures
 Done for his countrys sake :
 Seek all the world about,
 And you shall hardly find
 A man in valour to exceed
 A prentice' gallant mind.

He

He was born [and bred] in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
A prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge
Did like his service so,
That, for three years, his factor
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen ;
Elizabeth his princefs
He nobly did make known,
To be the phoenix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy
One day he made to bleed ;
And brought them all to ground,
Who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present,
To pull this youngster down ;

Who,

Who, at his fathers words,
These boasting speeches said,
Thou art a traitor, English boy,
And hast the traitor play'd.

“ I am no boy, nor traitor,
Thy speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee, by and by;
A London prentice still
Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your Turkish knights,
Do all the best you can.”

And therewithall he gave him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know, proud Turk, quoth he,
I am no English boy,
That can, with one small box o' th' ear,
The prince of Turks destroy.

When as the king perceived
His son so strangely slain,
His soul was fore afflicted,
With more than mortal pain ;
And, in revenge thereof,
He swore that he should die
The cruel'st death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared
This prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with hunger,
Ten days within a tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themselves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
At length grew nigh at hand,
Where all the noble ladies
And barons of the land
Attended on the king,
To see this prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambric,
With silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lions given
To stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
Not one small bit of meat.

But God, that knows all secrets,
The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young mans valour
They were of life depriv'd ;

For,

For, being faint for food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lions
Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cries:

And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms;
With all his might and power:

From thence, by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the peoples wonder.

This have I done, quoth he,
For lovely Englands sake;
And for my countrys maiden queen
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lions hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour soon reverts;
And turned all his hate
Into remorse and love,
And said, It is some angel,
Sent down from heaven above.

For,

No, no, I am no angel,
The courteous young man said,
But born in famous England,
Where Gods word is obey'd;
Assisted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had, most cruelly,
Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And, for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better governed
By virtue of a queen.

So, taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife:
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
In joy and loves increase.

BALLAD XXI.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

OLD stories tell, how Hercules
 A dragon slew at Lerna,
 With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
 To see and well discern a:
 But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
 Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
 But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
 He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
 Each one upon each shoulder;
 With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long claws, and in his jaws
 Four and forty teeth of iron;
 With a hide as tough as any buff,
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard that the Trojan horse
 Held seventy men in his belly?
 This dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye.
 Devoured he poor children three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And, at one sup, he eat them up,
 As one would eat an apple.

All forts of cattle this dragon did eat ;
Some say he'd eat up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees :
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys,
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotheram,
The place I know it well ;
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell ;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Mathews house hard by it ;
O there and then was this dragons den,
You could not choose but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch,
Some say, he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel,
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by ;
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring ;
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff,
box, buff,

Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing :
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead ;
And that which is stranger, he, for very anger,
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls and boys,
Sighing and sobbing came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise :
O save us all, More of More-Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods ;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want ;
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
With smiles about the mouth ;
Hair black as a sloe, both above and below,
With a blush her cheeks adorning ;
To 'noint me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
 To hew this dragon down ;
 But first he went new armour to
 Bespeak at Sheffield town ;
 With spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of steel so sharp and strong ;
 Both behind and before, arms, legs, all o'er ;
 Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he look'd and big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 An Egyptian porcupig :
 He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all ;
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog,
 For fear did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people there
 Got up on trees and houses,
 On churches some and chimneys too ;
 But they put on their trowles,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit does strength excell ;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well ;
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth ;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up, and cried, Boh !
 And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
 Thou that disturb'st me in my drink :
 And then he turn'd, and shit at him ;
 Goodlack how he did stink !
 " Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam ;
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so fore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholesome."

Our politic knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse,
 He knew not what to think.
 By cock, quoth he, say you so ; do you see ?
 And then at him he let fly,
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't ;
 And the word it was, Hey boys, hey !

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand :
 Then to it they fell at all,
 Like two wild boars so fierce, I may
 Compare great things with small.
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
 Our champion on the ground ;
 Though their strength it was great, yet their skill it
 was neat,
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began for to quake,
 The dragon gave him such a knock,
 Which made him to reel, and straightway he thought,
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And thence let him fall : but More of More-Hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
 And hit him a kick on the arse.

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather :
 More of More-Hall ! O thou rascall !
 Would I had seen thee never ;
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my arse-
 gut,
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder,

Murder, murder, the dragon cried,
 Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but miss'd that place, you could
 Have done me no mischief.
 Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quak'd,
 And down he laid and cried;
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
 So groan'd, kick'd, shit, and died.

BALLAD XXII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeck'd the earth so trim and gay,
 And Neptune with his dainty showers
 Came to present the month of May,
 King Henry would a progress ride,
 Over the river of Thames pass'd he,
 Unto a mountain top also
 Did walk some pleasure for to see;
 Where forty merchants he espied,
 With fifty sail come towards him,
 Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
 But on their knees did thus complain:
 An't please your grace, we cannot sail
 To France a voyage to be sure,
 But sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
 And robs us of our merchant-ware.

Vex'd

Vex'd was the king, and turning him,
 Said to his lords of high degree,
 Have I ne'er a lord within my realm,
 Dare fetch that traitor unto me?
 To him replied lord Charles Howard,
 I will, my liege with heart and hand,
 If it please you grant me leave he said,
 I will perform what you command.

To him then spake king Henry,
 I fear, my lord, you are too young.
 No whit at all, my liege, quoth he,
 I hope to prove in valour strong.
 The Scottish knight I vow to seek,
 In what place so'er he be,
 And bring ashore with all his might,
 Or into Scotland he shall carry me.

A hundred men, the king then said,
 Out of my realm shall chosen be;
 Besides sailors and ship-boys,
 To guide a great ship on the sea;
 Bowmen and gunners of good skill,
 Shall for this service chosen be;
 And they at thy command and will,
 In all affairs shall wait on thee.

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,
 Who was the best in all the realm,
 His age was threescore years and ten,
 And Peter Simon was his name:

My

My lord call'd then a bow-man rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame,
A gentleman born in Yorkshìre,
And William Horfely was his name.

Horfely, quoth he, I must to sea,
To seek a traitor with good speed,
Of a hundred bow-men brave, quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be the head.

“ If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon the main-mast I'll hanged be,
If twelvescore I miss one shillings breadth.”

Lord Howard then, of courage bold,
Went to the sea with pleasant chear,
Not curb'd with winters piercing cold,
Though 'twas the stormy time of year.
Not long he had been on the sea,
No more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espied,
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
And strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or where he did intend to land.
The merchant then made answer soon,
With heavy heart, and careful mind,
My lord, my ship it doth belong
Unto Newcastle upon Tine.

Can't

Can'st thou show me, the lord did say,
As thou did'st sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover on the sea,
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?
At this the merchant sigh'd and said,
With grieved mind and well-away,
But over-well I know that knight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I, my lord, did sail from France,
A Bourdeaux voyage to take so far,
I met with sir Andrew Barton thence,
Who robb'd me of my merchant-ware;
And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,
And every man doth crave his own,
And I am bound to London now;
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.

Show me him, said lord Howard then,
Let me but once the villain see,
And e'ery penny he hath from thee ta'en,
I'll double the same with shillings three.
Now God forbid, the merchant said,
I fear your aim that you will miss;
God bless you from his tyranny,
For little you think what man he is.

He is brass within, and steel without,
His ship most huge, and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces of ordnance,
He carrieth on each side along:

With beams for his top-castle,
As being also huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugal
Can fir Andrèw Barton pass by.

Hard news thou shew'st, then said the lord,
To welcome strangers to the sea;
But, as I said, I'll bring him aboard,
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.
The merchant said, If you will do so,
Take counsel then I pray withall,
Let no man to his top-castle go,
Nor strive to let his beams down fall.

Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,
On each side of my ship, quoth he,
And to-morrow, my lord, 'twixt six and seven
Again I will your honour see:
A glass I'll set, that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night,
And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,
You shall see fir Andrew Barton, knight.

The merchant set my lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
He saw fir Andrew Barton, knight.
The lord then swore a mighty oath,
Now by the heavens that be of might,
By faith, believe me, and by troth,
I think he is a worthy knight.

Fetch

Fetch me my Lion out of hand,
Saith the lord, with rose and streamer high,
Set up withall a willow wand,
That merchant like I may pass by.
Thus bravely did lord Howard pass,
And did on anchor rise so high;
No top-sail at all he cast,
But as a foe he did him defy.

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
Thus scornfully to pass by,
As though he cared not a pin
For him and all his company;
Then call'd he for his men amain,
Fetch back yon pedler now, quoth he,
And, ere this way he come again,
I'll teach him well his courtesy.

A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
By this proud pirate fiercely then,
Into lord Howards middle deck,
Which cruel shot kill'd fourteen men,
He call'd then Peter Simon, he,
Look 'now' thy word do stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main mast,
If thou miss twelve-score one penny breadth.

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
Which did sir Andrew mickle scare,
In at his deck it came so hot,
Kill'd fifteen of his men of war:

Alas,

Alas, then said the pirate stout,
I am in danger now I see;
This is some lord, I greatly doubt,
That is set on to conquer me.

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
And kill'd fifty of his men beside:

Then, Out alas, fir Andrew cried,
What may a man now think or say?
Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

Then did he on Gordion call,
Unto the top-castle for to go,
And bid his beams he should let fall,
For he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The lord call'd Horsely then in haste,
Look that thy word now stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
If thou misgivest twelve-score a shilling breadth.

Then up the mast-tree swerved he,
This stout and mighty Gordion;
But Horsely he, most happily,
Shot him under his collar-bone.
Then call'd he on his nephew then,
Said, Sisters sons I have no more;
Three hundred pound I will give to thee,
I thou wilt to the top-castle go.

Then

Then stoutly he began to climb,
From off the mast scorn'd to depart;
But Horsely soon prevented him,
And deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His men being slain, then up amain
Did this proud pirate climb with speed,
For armour of proof he had put on,
And did not dint of arrows dread.

Come hither Horsely, said the lord,
See thou thine arrows aim aright:
Great means to thee I will afford,
And if thou speed I'll make thee knight.
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
With right good will, and all his main,
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,
Till the arrow did return again.

Then Horsely 'spied a private place,
With a perfect eye in a secret part;
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
"Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
A little I am hurt, yet not slain,
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,
And come and fight with you again."

And do not, said he, fear English rogues,
And of our foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by Saint Andrews cross,
Untill you hear my whistle blow.—

They

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made them all full fore afraid,
Then Horsely said, My lord, aboard,
For now fir Andrew Barton's dead.

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
With right good will, and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
Besides as many more were slain.
The lord went where fir Andrew lay,
And quickly then cut off his head :
“ I should forsake England many a day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.”

Thus from the wars lord Howard came,
With mickle joy and triumphing,
The pirates head he brought along,
For to present unto the king :
Who briefly then to him did say,
Before he knew well what was done,
Where is the knight and pirate gay ?
That I myself may give the doom.

You may thank God, then said the lord,
And four men in the ship, quoth he,
That we are safely come ashore,
Sith you never had such an enemy ;
That is, Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
William Horsely, and Peters son ;
Therefor reward them for their pains,
For they did service in their turn.

To the merchant then the king did say,
 In lieu of what he hath from thee ta'en,
 I'll give to thee a noble a day,
 Sir Andrews whistle, and his chain :
 To Peter Simon a crown a day ;
 And half a crown to Peters son ;
 And that was for a shot so gay,
 Which bravely brought fir Andrew down.

Horsely I will make thee a knight,
 And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell ;
 Lord Howard shall earl Bury hight,
 For this title he deserveth well.
 Seven shillings to our English men,
 Who in this fight did stoutly stand ;
 And twelve pence a day to the Scots till they
 Come to my brother kings high land.

B A L L A D XXIII.

JOHNY ARMSTRONGS LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

IS there never a man in all Scotlând,
 From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
 That can show himself now before the king,
 Scotlând is so full of treachery ?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
 And Johny Armstrong they do him call,
 He has no lands nor rents coming in,
 Yet he keeps eight score men within his hall.

He

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
Good lord, he look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree :
" I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord we will go most gallantly ;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three :

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five ;
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when John he went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain :
" Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again."

Now Johny is to Edinburgh gone,
With his eight score men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eight score men so gallant to see,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my fovereign liege,
Pardon for my eight score men and me;
For my name it is Johny Armstròng,
And a subject of yours, my liege, said he.

“ Away with thee, thou false traitòr,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But, to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eight score men and thee.”

Then Johny look'd over his left shouldrè,
And to his merry men thus said he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you or me.

Then John pull'd out his nut brown sword,
And it was made of metal so free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

“ Come,

“ Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly,
It shall ne’er be said we were hung like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully.”

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had kill’d all the kings good guard,
There was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, Fight on my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not slain,
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
Then I’ll rise and fight with you again.

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead upon the plain,
For they were resolved, before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead there and slain;
But little Musgrave that was his foot-page,
With his bonny Grissel got away unta’en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
 The lady spied him presently:
 "What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
 What news from thy master, and his company?"

My news is bad, lady, he said,
 Which I do bring as you may see;
 My master Johny Armstrong is slain,
 And all his gallant company.

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissel,
 Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
 And thy fides shall be spurr'd no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,
 As he sat on his nurfes knee,
 If ever I live to be a man,
 My fathers death reveng'd shall be.

B A L L A D XXIV.

THE HUNTING IN CHEVY-CHASE.

G O D prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chase befall:

To

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Percy took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summers days to take ;

The chieftest harts in Chevy-chase
 To kill and bear away :
 These tidings to earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent earl Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport :
 The English earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deer :
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear ;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer ;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come
No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

Lo ! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold :

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my consent, do chase,
And kill my fallow-deer !

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy, he ;
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

Yet

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill :

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls, said Witherington,
And I a squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand ;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel ;
Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through earl Percys body then
He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain :
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :

Against sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and sir John,
Sir James that bold baron :

And, with sir George, and good sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly ;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His sisters son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty three :
The rest were slain in Chevy-chase,
Under the green wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail

Their

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kifs'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotlands king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, king James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take ;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave lord Percys sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,
Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and blefs the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

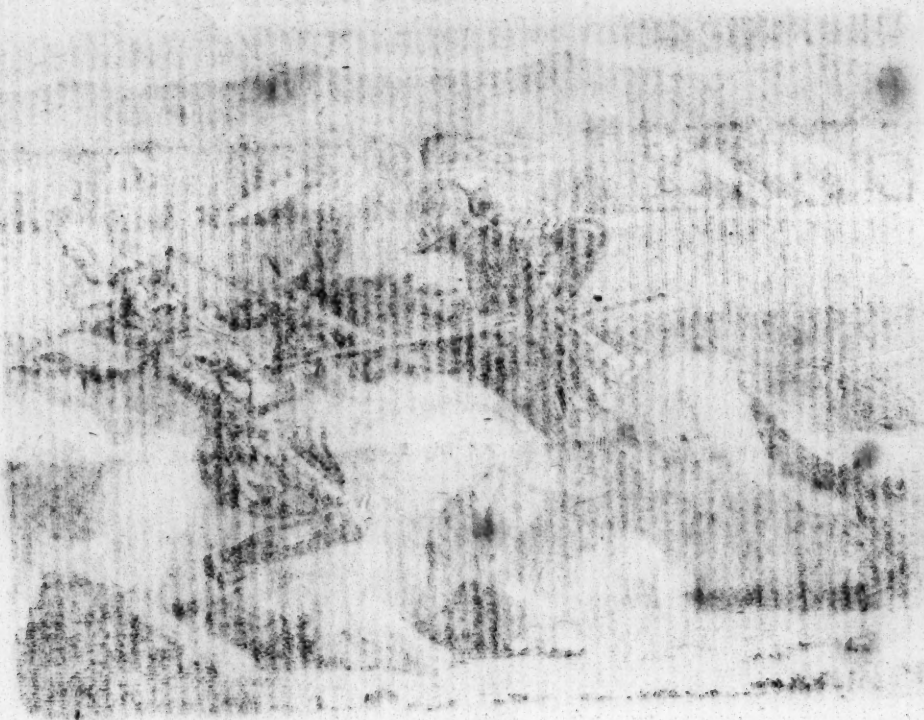


THE ANCIENT BALLADS

This vow full well the king perform'd,
 After, on Thursday;
 In one day, his knights were slain,
 With the loss of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,
 Made by the said

God save the king, the land
 Is plenty, joy, and debate,
 And grant, best of all,
 Twixt nobles and peasantry



SONGS OMITTED.

IN PART II.

BY HARRY CAREY.*

CUPID no more shall give me grief,
Or anxious cares oppress my soul;
While gen'rous Bacchus brings relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing bowl.

Cælia, thy scorn I now despise,
Thy boasted empire I disown;
This takes the brightness from thy eyes,
And makes it sparkle in my own.

* Who intitles it "A Dithyrambick for two voices."

HOW stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys!

How stands the glass around?

Let mirth and wine abound!

The trumpets sound:

The colours flying are, my boys,

To fight, kill, or wound:

May we still be found

Content with our hard fare, my boys,

On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why

Should we be melancholy, boys!

Why, soldiers, why?

Whose business 'tis to die?

What! fighting? fie!

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!

'Tis he, you, and I.

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,

(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)

'Tis but in vain

For soldiers to complain:

Should next campaign

Send us to Him that made you, boys,

We're free from pain;

But should we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cures all again.

THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band,
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand :
My friends (began the sage) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school ;
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within,
Old Care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, on him that's great,
Wealth and wisdom I despise ;
Cares surround the rich and wise.
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
I was born for them alone.
Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
Give them to the fools I hate ;
But let love, let life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine.
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say ;
Gayly let the minutes fly,
In love and freedom, wit and joy :
So shall love, shall life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine.

B Y

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD ESQ.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
 To revel in his ev'ning rites,
 In vain his altars I surround,
 Though with Burgundian incense crown'd ;
 No charm has wine without the lass ;
 'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

Whilst all around, with jocund glee,
 In brimmers toast their fav'rite she ;
 Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
 My heart still whispers Chloes name ;
 And thus, with me, by am'rous stealth,
 Still ev'ry glass is Chloes health.

BY MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF*,

HENCE with cares, complaints, and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy ;
 Every grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ.
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain ;
 Drink a health to Love and Beauty ;
 May they long in triumph reign.

* In Love in a Village.

I N D E X.

V O L U M E I.

P A R T I.

(L O V E S O N G S.)

N. B. The songs and ballads marked in these indexes with an asterism are those of which the different volumes contain the musical airs.

	Page
* A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall	154
* A courting I went to my love	146
A maxim this, amongst the wise	97
Ah! blame me not, if no despair	17
Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit	1
* Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd	258
* Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu	70
* Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour	167
* Ah! gaze not on those eyes! forbear	5
* Ah! how sweet it is to love	89
Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly	255
* Ah! why must words my flame reveal	161
* Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains	75

VOL. II.

* K

* All

I N D E X.

* All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	214
* All my past life is mine no more	236
* Almerias face, her shape, her air	4
* As Amoret with Phillis sat	157
As he lay in the plain, his arm under his head	176
* Ask me not how calmly I	88
* Away ! let nought to love displeasing	246
* Away with these self-loving lads	120
* B E still, o ye winds, and attentive, ye swains	226
Behold, my fair, wheree'er we rove	240
Belinda, see from yonder flow'rs	111
* Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	188
* Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art	165
* By my sighs you may discover	261
* C AN love be controul'd by advice	237
Cease to blame my melancholy	186
Child of summer, lovely Rose	253
Chloris, 'twill be for eithers rest	121
* Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled	66
* Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses	202
* Come, dear Amanda, quit the town	223
Come, dear Pastora, come away !	220
Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be	95
Come let us now resolve at last	118
Come listen to my mournful tale	81
* Come live with me, and be my love	228
* Come thou rosy-dimpled boy	87
Could you guess, for I ill can repeat	28

DEAR

I N D E X.

D E A R Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face	136
* Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure	242
* Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes	159
Dejected as true converts die	177
* Despairing beside a clear stream	64
Distracted with care	148
F A I N would you ease my troubled heart	15
* Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die	122
* Fairest isle, all isles excelling	86
Fairest of thy sex, and best	28
False though she be to me and love	119
* For me my fair a wreath has wove	186
* Freedom is a real treasure	103
From all uneasy passions free	192
* From place to place forlorn I go	159
* From sweet bewitching tricks of love	104
* G E N T L E Love, this hour befriend me	32
Give me more love, or more disdain	125
Go lovely rose	24
* Go, rose, my Chloes bosom grace	25
* Go tell Amynta, gentle swain	31
* Grim king of the ghosts make haste	67
* H A I L to the myrtle shade	222
Hard by the hall, our masters house	76
* Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb	71
Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go	223
He that loves a rosy cheek	108

* K 2

Honest

I N D E X.

Honest lover whatsoever	92
* How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known	245
* How gentle was my Damons air	54
How hardly I conceal'd my tears	164
I Cannot change, as others do	32
I did but look and love a while	4
I grant, a thousand oaths I swore	139
* I lik'd but never lov'd before	10
* I'll range around the shady bowers	44
I love, I dote, I rave with pain	47
* I love thee, by heavens, I can not say more	123
I'm not one of your fops, who, to please a coy lass	124
I never saw a face till now	11
* I smile at Love, and all his arts	8
* I told my nymph, I told her true	180
* If all that I love is her face	256
If all the world and love were young	230
If Cupid once the mind possess	163
If in that breast, so good, so pure	29
If Love and Reason ne'er agree	160
If love be life, I long to die	126
* If 'tis joy to wound a lover	119
If wine and music have the pow'r	202
In Chloris all soft charms agree	113
* In love should there meet a fond pair	246
* In the merry month of May	235
* In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest	134
* In vain, Philander, at my feet	263
* In vain you tell your parting lover	15
	It

I N D E X.

It is not, Celia, in our pow'r 241
 * It is not that I love you less 111

K NOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud) 115

L ET not Love on me bestow 125
 Let the ambitious ever find 188
 * Love's a dream of mighty treasure 102
 Love's a gentle gen'rous passion 91
 Love's no irregular desire 90

M ARGARITA first possess'd 140
 * Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by 25
 * My banks they are furnish'd with bees 58
 * My days have been so wond'rous free 173
 * My dear mistress has a heart 209
 * My goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair 189
 My love was fickle, once, and changing 11
 My name is honest Harry 149
 * My passion is as mustard strong 151
 * My time, o ye Muses, was happily spent 49

* **N** O more of my Harriot, of Polly, no more 210
 Not, Celia, that I juster am 199
 Not the soft sighs of vernal gales 199

* **O** Had I been by fate decreed 181
 * O Nancy, wilt thou go with me 219
 * O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare 234
 * Of all the girls that are so smart 212

* K 3 Of

I N D E X.

* Of all the torments, all the cares	38
Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair	78
* Oft on the troubled oceans face	101
Oh! forbear to bid me flight her	6
Oh! how vain is every blessing	92
* Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove	105
On Belvideras bosom lying	190
* On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt	168
* Once more I'll tune the vocal shell	193
Once more Loves mighty charms are broke	117
* One night when all the village slept	69
* Over the mountains	99

P HILLIS, men say that all my vows	179
---	-----

* S A W you the nymph whom I adore?	21
Say, lovely dream, where could'st thou find	42
* Say, mighty Love, and teach my song	250
* Say, Myra, why is gentle love	14
* Send back my long-stray'd eyes to me	257
Shall I, like an hermit, dwell	129
Shall I, wasting in despair	127
* She, whom above myself I prize	255
Should some perverse malignant star	135
* Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more	262
Sighing and languishing I lay	178
* Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour	206
* Stella, darling of the Muses	174
* Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes	185
* Sweet are the charms of her I love	171

* TAKE,

I N D E X.

* TAKE, oh! take, those lips away	23
Tell me, Damon, dost thou languish	94
Tell me no more how fair she is	22
Tell me not I my time mispend	184
* That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride	243
That which her slender waist confin'd	171
* The bird that hears her nestlings cry	191
The charms which blooming beauty shows	264
The flame of love asswages	101
* The gentle swan, with graceful pride	200
* The heavy hours are almost past	37
* The merchant to secure his treasure	133
* The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind	22
The shape alone let others prize	207
* The silver moons enamour'd beam	195
* The silver rain, the pearly dew	29
* The sun was sunk beneath the hill	46
* The western sky was purpled o'er	196
* Think not, my love, when secret grief	257
* Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray	216
* Though cruel you seem to my pain	39
Though, Flavia, to my warm desire	110
* Though winter its desolate train	238
* Thus Kitty, beautiful and young	204
'Tis not your saying that you love	30
'Tis now, since I sat down before	131
* To all you ladies now at land	34
* To be gazing on those charms	191
* To melancholy thoughts a prey	33, 259
* To the brook and the willow that heard him complain	52
* Tom loves Mary passing well	144

I N D E X.

* Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes	166
* 'Twas when the seas were roaring	73
V AIN are the charms of white and red	109
* Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour	262
* W AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze	218
* We all to conquering beauty bow	183
* Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain	145
What fury does disturb my rest	40
What state of life can be so blest	41
When charming Teraminta sings	203
* When Damon languish'd at my feet	168
* When Delia on the plain appears	175
When fair Serrena first I knew	27
* When first I fair Celinda knew	26
* When first I saw thee graceful move	3
When first upon your tender cheek	2
When gentle Celia first I knew	137
* When here, Lucinda, first we came	225
* When innocence and beauty meet	208
When lovely woman stoops to folly	170
When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep	158
* When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen	232
When youth, my Celia, 's in the prime	239
Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees	231
* While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess	6
Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire	30
Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze	9
White as her hand, fair Julia threw	7
* Why,	

I N D E X.

* Why, cruel creature, why so bent	45
* Why, Delia, ever when I gaze	16
* Why d'ye with such disdain refuse	116
Why so pale and wan, fond lover	130
Why we love, and why we hate	143
Why will Florella, when I gaze	14
* Why will you my passion reprove	60
With women I have pass'd my days	12
Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart	18
 * Y E belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things	252
* Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore	248
* Ye fair possess'd of every charm	249
* Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free	103
* Ye little Loves, that round her wait	131
* Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay	62
* Ye shepherds so chearful and gay	56
* Ye virgin pow'rs, defend my heart	261
Yes, Daphne, in your face I find	112
Yes, fairest proof of beautys pow'r	39
* Yes I'm in love, I feel it now	211
You may cease to complain	19
* You say, at your feet I have wept in despair	114

I N D E X.

I N D E X.

V O L U M E II.

P A R T II.

(D R I N K I N G - S O N G S .)

	Page
A BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass	6
Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join	77
* As swift as time put round the glass	17
* B ACCHUS must now his power resign	43
Better our heads than hearts should ake	2
* Bid me, when forty winters more	9
* Busy, curious, thirsty Fly	17
* By the gayly circling glass	39
* C OME, come, my hearts of gold	54
Come fill me a glass, fill it high	33
* Come now, all ye social powers	11
* Cupid no more shall give me grief	339
* D EAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with	73
* Diogenes furly and proud	34
* EVERY	

I N D E X.

* E VERY man take his glafs in his hand	21
* F ILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl	40
* G AY Bacchus, liking Eftcourts wine	47
* Give me but a friend and a glafs, boys	9
* God prosper long from being broke	50
* H AD Neptune, when first he took charge of the fea	23
* Hence with cares, complaints and frowning	342
* How ftands the glafs around	340
* I Am the king and prince of drinkers	44
* I cannot eat but lytle meate	71
* If gold could lengthen life, I fwear	13
I have been in love, and in debt and in drink	74
* J OLLY mortals, fill your glaffes	16
* L ET foldiers fight for pay and praife	42
* Let us drink and be merry	14
* Let's be jovial, fill our glaffes	20
Liften all, I pray	28
M ORTALS, learn your lives to meafure	19
* My temples with clufter of grapes I'll entwine	75
N OT drunken, nor fober, but neighbour to both	58
* Now Phœbus finketh in the weft	38
* O LD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles	19
* PHO!	

I N D E X.

P	HO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er	1
	* Preach not to me your musty rules	11
R	AIL no more, ye learned asses	34
S	AYS Plato, why should man be vain	8
	* She tells me with claret she cannot agree	5
	* Some say women are like the seas	3
T	HE festive board was met, the social band	341
	* The man that is drunk is void of all care	46
	The thirsty earth drinks up the rain	24
	* The women all tell me I'm false to my lass	3
	* This bottle's the fun of our table	39
U	PBRAID me not, capricious fair	74
V	VULCAN, contrive me such a cup	39
W	HAT Cato advises most certainly wise is	12
	When Bacchus, jolly god, invites	342
	* When I drain the rosy bowl	18
	* When the chill sirocco blows	37
	Whilst some in epic strains delight	68
	Wine, wine in a morning	22
	* With an honest old friend, and a merry old song	6
	* With women and wine I defy every care	76
Y	E good fellows all	25
	* Ye true honest Britons who love your own land	56
	You know that our ancient philosophers hold	41
	* Youth's the season made for joys	10
Z	ENO, Plato, Aristotle	38

I N D E X.

V O L U M E II.

P A R T III.

(MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.)

	Page
* A S near Porto-Bello lying	176
* B LOW, blow, thou winter wind	117
* C EASE rude Boreas, bluff'ring railer!	127
* Come, come, my good shepherds,	94
* Come follow, follow me	157
Come shepherds, we'll follow the hearse	149
* F ORTH from my dark and dismal cell	146
Friendship, peculiar gift of Heaven	115
* From Oberon in Fairy-land	160
* From the court to the cottage convey me away	100
* G ENTLY stir and blow the fire	136
Go soul, the bodys guest	117
* Goddess of ease, leave Lethes brink	99
H APPY insect, what can be	164
* Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale	168
* How happy a state does the miller possess	108
How	

I N D E X.

How happy is he born and taught	87
* How pleasant a sailors life passes	106
How sacred and how innocent	95
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	151

I Envy not the mighty great	88
I envy not the proud their wealth	86
* If I live to grow old, as I find I go down	109
* In good king Charleses golden days	125
In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd	173

L O! here, beneath this hallow'd shade	159
---	-----

M AN's a poor deluded bubble	104
* My mind to me a kingdom is	81

* N O glory I covet, no riches I want	89
* Nor on beds of fading flowers	92

O Memory! thou fond deceiver	135
* O say, what is that thing call'd light	104
Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain	154

P RINCES that rule and empire sway	101
---	-----

S LEEP, sleep poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace	150
Some hoist up Fortune to the skies	90
* Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays	165

* T HE glories of our birth and state	91
* The honest heart whose thoughts are clear	109
* The	

I N D E X.

* The muse and the hero together are fir'd	179
* The solitary bird of night	111
The sweet and blushing rose	103
* The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit	116
* The wretch condemn'd with life to part	135
* Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream	153
Through groves sequester'd, dark, and still	99
* Thursday in the morn, the ides of May	181
* To fair Fideles grassy tomb	152
* To hug yourself in perfect ease	85
To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades	93
* Two gossips they merrily met	137
 * U NDER the greenwood tree	 145
 * W ELCOME, welcome brother debtor	 105
What frenzy must his soul possess	93
What is th' existence of mans life ?	102
* What man in his wits had not rather be poor	88
* When daffodils begin to peer	143
* When dayfies pied, and violets blue	144
* When ificles hang on the wall	144
* When Orpheus went down to the regions below	137
When this old cap was new	121
* Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the <i>Greve</i>	171
* With an old song made by an old ancient pate	140
Would we attain the happiest state	84
 * Y OU gentlemen of England	 130

I N D E X.

V O L U M E II.

P A R T IV.

(ANCIENT BALLADS.)

A	LL youths of fair England	Page 255
	As it fell one hollyday	215
	As it fell out upon a day	188
* C	OLD and raw the North did blow	286
* G	OD prosper long our noble king	326
H	ENRY, our royal king, would ride a hunting	272
* I	F Rosamond, that was so fair	228
	* I'll tell you a story, a story anon	282
	In the days of old	237
	Is there never a man in all Scotlând	322
L	ORD Thomas he was a bold forester	185

MARK

I N D E X

M A R K well my heavy doleful tale 209

*** N** O W ponder well, you parents dear 249

*** O** F a worthy London prentice 301
 * Old stories tell how Hercules 307

T H E R E was a youth, and a well belov'd youth 234

W A S ever knight for ladys sake 296

When Arthur first in court began 291

When as king Henry rul'd this land 220

When Flora with her fragrant flowers 313

* When Troy town, for ten years wars, 199

Will you hear a Spanish lady 205

Y O U beauteous ladies, great and small 244

You dainty dames, so finely fram'd 194

N A M E S
A U T H O R S,
IN BOTH VOLUMES;

WITH REFERENCES.

ADDISON, Mr.	Vol. I. Page 11. 119.
AIKIN, Miss	I. 95. 137.
AKENSIDE, Dr.	I. 207.
BAKER, Mr.	I. 181.
BARBAULD, Mrs. See AIKIN, Miss.	
BATH, EARL OF. See PULTENEY.	
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS	II. 28, 58.
BEDINGFIELD, Mr. W.	II. 85.
BEHN, Mrs.	I. 30. 167.
BERKELEY, ———, ESQ.	I. 237.
BICKERSTAFF, Mr. ISAAC	I. 246. II. 109.
BOOTH, Mr. BARTON	I. 171.
BREREWOOD, THOMAS, ESQ.	I. 231, 232.
BRETON, NICHOLAS	I. 235.
BROME, ALEXANDER	II. 74.
BROOKE, LORD. See GREVILL.	
BROWN, TOM	II. 22.
BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF	I. 118, 177, 178, 192.
BUDGELL, EUSTACE, ESQ.	I. 124.
BULTEEL, JOHN	I. 121, 139.
BURNABY, CHARLES	I. 203.
BYROM, Dr.	I. 49.

II. CAREW,

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

CAREW, THOMAS, ESQ.	I. 108, 115, 125.
CAREY, HARRY	I. 21, 39, 44, 91, 101, 191, 212, 255. II. 6, 12, 38, 43, 100, 339.
CARTER, MISS	II. 111.
CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF	I. 25.
CHICHESTER, BISHOP OF.	See KING.
CHURCHILL, MR. CHARLES	I. 239.
CIBBER, COLLEY, ESQ.	II. 104.
COCKBURN, MRS.	I. 5.
COFFEY, MR.	II. 105.
COLLINS, MR.	II. 151, 152.
CONCANEN, MR. MATTHEW	I. 123.
CONGREVE, MR.	I. 119.
COWLEY, ABRAHAM, ESQ.	I. 140. II. 24, 164.
CROXALL, DR.	I. 218.
CUNNINGHAM, MR. JOHN	I. 195, 200, 234. II. 149.
DALTON, DR.	I. 54. II. 11, 39, 92.
DAVISON, FRANCIS	I. 126. II. 117.
DAWSON, ARTHUR, ESQ.	II. 25.
DODSLEY, MR. ROBERT	II. 104.
DORSET, EARL OF	I. 34, 188.
DRYDEN, MR.	I. 31, 41, 86, 89, 122.
D'URFEY, TOM	II. 5, 150.
EATON, SIR JOHN	I. 184.
ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE	I. 103, 158, 241.
FAWKES, REV. MR.	II. 73.
FITZGERALD, REV. MR. THOMAS	I. 264. II. 89.

NAMES of AUTHORS.

GARRICK, MR.	I. 186, 193, 246. II. 56, 94, 153.
GAY, MR.	I. 25, 73, 151, 214. II. 10.
GLOVER, MR.	II. 181.
GOLDSMITH, DR.	I. 170. II. 135.
GREVILL, SIR FULKE, LORD BROOKE	I. 120.
GREVILLE, MRS.	I. 155.
HAWKESWORTH, DR.	II. 99.
HIGHMORE, MR. CHARLES	II. 108.
HILL, AARON, ESQ.	I. 6, 32.
HOOLE, MR.	II. 93.
HOW, MR. JOHN	I. 113.
JACOB, HILDEBRAND, ESQ.	II. 88.
JENYNS, SOAME, ESQ.	I. 77, 166.
JOHNSON, DR.	I. 199, 240.
JONES, MISS MARY	I. 168.
JONSON, BEN	II. 42.
KING, DR. HENRY, BP. OF CHICHESTER	I. 22. II. 102.
LANSDOWN, LORD	I. 45.
LEE, NAT	I. 222.
LILLO, MR. GEORGE	II. 103.
LISLE, DR.	II. 137.
LLOYD, MR. ROBERT	I. 238.
LYTTELTON, LORD	I. 14, 37, 175.
MARLOW, CHRISTOPHER	I. 228.
MENDEZ, MR. MOSES	I. 114, 262.
	MIDDLESEX,

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

MIDDLESEX, EARL OF	I. 225.
MILTON	II. 238.
MOLESWORTH, VISCOUNT	I. 4.
MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY	I. 159.
MOORE, MR. EDWARD	I. 71, 168, 226, 243, 245.
MOORE, SIR JOHN	I. 29, 186.
OLDHAM, MR.	II. 40.
OTWAY, MR.	I. 4, 47, 66. II. 101.
PARNELL, DR.	I. 173. II. 47.
PARRAT, MR.	I. 87.
PERCY, DR.	I. 219.
PHILIPS, AMBROSE, ESQ.	I. 143, 188.
PHILIPS, MRS. KATHERINE	II. 95.
PILKINGTON, MRS.	I. 33, 174. II. 86.
POPE, DR. WALTER	II. 109.
PRIOR, MATHEW, ESQ.	I. 15, 30, 39, 75, 133, 136, 202, 204. II. 171.
PULTENEY, WILLIAM, ESQ. (EARL OF BATH)	I. 109.
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER	I. 18, 129, 230.
ROCHESTER, EARL OF	I. 9, 32, 189, 209, 236. II. 39.
ROWE, NICHOLAS, ESQ.	I. 52, 64.
SCROOPE, SIR CAR	I. 69.
SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES	I. 117, 157, 179, 199.
SEWARD, REV. MR.	I. 27.
SHAKSPEARE	I. 262. II. 117, 143, 144, 145.
* L 3	
SHENSTONE,	

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, ESQ.	I. 56, 81, 180, 196. II. 77.
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, ESQ.	I. 258. II. 39.
SHIRLEY, JAMES	II. 91.
SMART, MR. CHRISTOPHER	I. 105, 210. II. 99.
SOUTHERN, MR.	I. 11.
STEEL, SIR RICHARD	I. 125, 159, 216, 223.
STEVENS, MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER	II. 127.
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN	I. 92, 130, 131.
THEOBALD, MR.	I. 101.
THOMPSON, MR. WILLIAM	II. 6.
TICKELL, THOMAS, ESQ.	I. 78.
VANBROOK, MR.	I. 116.
VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN	I. 8.
WALLER, EDMUND, ESQ.	I. 24, 43, 111, 171.
WALSH, WILLIAM, ESQ.	I. 38, 40, 148.
WARTON, REV. MR. THOMAS	II. 93.
WATTS, ISAAC, D. D.	I. 250.
WESLEY, REV. MR. SAMUEL	II. 88.
WHARTON, DUKE OF	II. 50.
WHARTON, MRS.	I. 164.
WHATELEY, MISS	I. 220.
WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM, ESQ.	I. 211, 252.
WHITEHEAD, PAUL, ESQ.	II. 342.
WILLIAMS, MRS. A.	II. 115.
WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HANBURY	I. 202.
WINCHELSEA, COUNTESS OF	II. 84.
WITHER, GEORGE	I. 127.
WODHULL,	

NAMES OF AUTHORS.

WODHULL, MICHAEL, ESQ.	I. 28.
WOLSELEY, ROBERT, ESQ.	I. 17, 103.
WOTTON, SIR HENRY	II. 87.
WOTY, MR. WILLIAM	I. 185. II. 75, 76.
YONGE, SIR WILLIAM	I. 134.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

VOLUME I.

PAGE 6. *add* BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

P. 11. Song XIV. *add* BY MR. SOUTHERN, *with this note*, In The Disappointment, or Mother in fashion.

P. 27. Song XXXII. *add* BY THE REV. MR. SEWARD.

P. 29. Song XXXV. *This song has been ascribed to dr. Johnson, but, it is believed, without foundation.*

P. 32. Song XL. l. 15. *for* soul *r.* pulse.

P. 40. Song XLVIII. *add* BY WILLIAM WALSH ESQ.

P. 46. Song LIII. *Has appeared under the name of mr. Gay; and quære if his?*

P. 49. Song LV. The lady the subject of this ballad, was the eldest daughter of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, and a university beauty at the time when the author was at college; she was married to Dr. Richard Cumberland, late bishop of Kilmore, and died a few years ago. HAWKINS (*Hist. Mus. V. 98. Where see other music to it by dr. Groft*).

P. 67. Song LXI. THE LUNATIC LOVER.

P. 76. Song LXVII. *This ballad does not appear to have been known before its communication to lord Oxford by mr. Prior, who tells his lordship he found it in a cottage in Lancashire. It may, therefor, not improbably, be the composition of that excellent poet, of whose pen it is by no means unworthy.*

P. 97. l. 4. *for* love *r.* live. *This line is certainly faulty, though all the copies agree in giving it as here printed. Instead of thou dost, the Author probably wrote dost not.*

P. 101. Song XIII. *add* BY MR. THEOBALD.

P. 105. Song XIX. *The air of this cantata is likewise an imitation of a poem ascribed to Chaucer.*

P. 114. Song VII. l. ult. *for* patience *r.* conscience.

P. 121. l. 3. *for*er.] *A very old contraction of forester, much used by Spenser, and other ancient writers,*

P. 121.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 121. Song XVI. *John Bulteel appears to have been secretary to the earl of Clarendon, and to have died in 1669. See Bio. Drama. i. 51.*

P. 132. l. 20. *for been r. bin. Many of the old poets, in imitation of Spenser, adopted a strange and licentious method of altering both the orthography and pronunciation of words to suit their versification. Some of these faults are incorrigible, and this seems to be one. See also arrant in Davisons Song, ii. 17. and than and emperers in Cowleys Chronicle, i. 140.*

P. 144. Song XXXVI. *Is an imitation of the Sixth Idyllium of Moschus. See Fawkeses Translation, p. 284.*

P. 146. Humphrey Gubbin *is a clownish character in Steels Tender Husband, in which this song may have been originally sung. One of the thoughts, however, is from the Old Batchelor of Congreve.*

P. 151. l. 4. *add an O.*

P. 157. Song I. *Mr. Nichols, in his collection of poems, gives this "From the French of Madame de la Suze," by Sir Car Scroope.*

P. 183. *(correct the first figure)* Song XI. *add THE PERFECTION, with this note, Originally addressed To the [first] Duchess of Grafton.*

P. 184. l. 1. *(of the song) for mispend r. mispend.*

P. 186. note. *Instead of At the end of - r. In - Mr. Twisses tour in Spain. The song itself is at the end.*

P. 191. *Honest Harry introduced this song with a slight alteration, as a duet, in his little Interlude of Nancy or the Parting Lovers. It appears however (from his poems) to have been written long before.*

P. 193. Song XXIV. *The real object of the poets admiration was said to be mrs. Woffington, the actress.*

P. 203. Song XXXII. *The Author, according to Bysshe, was [CHARLES] BURNABY.*

P. 206. Song XXXIV. *This is printed as mrs. Barbers in her poems (London, 1734. 4to.), and appears in Dodsleys collection under the name of J. Earle. As to mrs. Barber, she could not write so well, and mr. Earle seems to be a fictitious personage. It was restored to mrs. Pilkington, on the authority of mr. Deane Swift. See Nicholsons Supplement to Swift, iii. 247. It is almost needless to say that the song has been designed to pay a compliment to mrs. Johnson.*

P. 214. l. 1. *for pounds r. pound.*

P. 216. Song XLII. *Sir Richard is said to have written all the Spectators under the signature T; and, if so, should be author of this song*

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES,

song and the other at p. 223. But the elegance of the former, at least, seems, it must be confessed, more characteristic of the peculiarly happy manner of Mr. Addison.

P. 228. note. Marlow had for rival an ill-looking fellow, whom, in a paroxysm of jealousy and revenge, he attempted to stab; but the fellow, seizing his hand, forced him to strike his dagger into his own head.

P. 237. Song VIII. It has been said that this song was written for the once well known lady Vane.

P. 253. Song LXXII. This agreeable little piece is inserted in a Collection of Miscellanies published under the name of Anna Williams, a blind lady; containing some poems written by herself, and many more by Dr. Johnson, and by Mrs. Thrale, Percy, Goldsmith, and others, whom the doctor, from motives of charity, invited to contribute to it. The generosity of one of these gentlemen is rather remarkable: he very modestly suffered Mrs. Williams to take the credit of several things which he had published a dozen times before under his own name.

P. 257. Think not, my love, &c.] The tender sweetness of these beautiful stanzas, which are among the Six Ballads composed and published by Mr. Linley, will sufficiently indicate the elegant pen of the author of The School for Scandal.

Ibid. Send back, &c.] A very judicious alteration, and real improvement, of The Message by Dr. Donne.

VOLUME II.

P. 5. Song V. *Honest Toms* title to this song is rather questionable. In one of his plays he has a song beginning,

When I visit proud Celia just come from the glass,
which is so near the present as to make one thing certain while it leaves it doubtful, i. e. either that the present copy was borrowed from Tom, or that Tom borrowed from it.

P. 9. Song X. *Quære if not* BY SIR JOHN HILL?

P. 12. Song XIV. add BY HARRY CAREY, which familiar appellative the reader is desired to prefer in every place to the more stately one of MR.

HENRY.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

HENRY. *Cato's real advice (whoever he was) is comprised in the following distich, prefixed by honest Harry, in his Musical Century, as a motto to the song :*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,

Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem. *Distich. lib. 3.*

Which sage and social precept is thus excellently translated by master John Hoole, of indefatigable memory :

Mirth with thy labour sometimes put in ure,

That better thou thy labour may'st endure.

P. 15. l. 7. *for bnt r. but.*

P. 19. l. 4. *add this note.* Mr. Fawkeses translation contains the following additional lines, necessarily omitted when it was converted into a song :

When the foaming bowl I drain,

Real blessings are my gain ;

Blessings which my own I call :

Death is common to us all.

Ibid. Song XXI. l. 10. *for Loosing r. Losing.*

P. 22. Song XXV. THE WHET. *It is printed in Toms works ; but that, indeed, is no conclusive proof of his property in it.*

P. 28. Song XXIX. *This song is inserted in Beaumonts poems, and his name is here prefixed to it on the authority of an old manuscript copy in the Harleian library.*

P. 28. l. 6. *for desertum r. disertum.*

P. 31. l. 6. *for tantum r. tantum.*

P. 33. Song XXX. BY MR. PHILIPS. *Mr. Nichols, from many circumstances, has little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of The Splendid Shilling. See his Select Collection of Poems, iv. 281. But it seems to have appeared at a too early period to be safely ascribed to that writer. It is more probably the production of that Philips who was nephew to Milton, and author of the Theatrum Poetarum and several poetical performances.*

Ibid. l. 8. *for merry r. merrily.*

P. 39. *for XXVI. r. XXXVI.*

Ibid. Song XXXVII. *add FROM ANACREON.*

P. 40. Song XXXVIII. *add BY MR. OLDHAM. It is part of a long poem.*

P. 42.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 42. Song XL. *This is not found in Jonsons works, and D'Urfey, who furnished the name, might possibly mean Ben Johnson the player, his own cotemporary. But, whoever was the author, the song was certainly written before the Restoration.*

P. 46. for XLII. r. XLIII. *This song should have been mentioned as a parody of the twenty-second ode of the second book of Horace.*

P. 57. Song XLVIII. l. 1. Sirocco.] *So the modern copies. All the old ones read Charokkoe. The Sirocco (Ital. Scirocco) is the south east wind, and would perhaps be more properly written and pronounced Shirocco.*

P. 58. l. 9. for laaghter r. laughter.

Ibid. Song XLIX. *Is to be found in Beaumonts poems, and may, on that authority, be assigned to him as its author. It appears, however, from the following extract, to have been once filiated upon a much higher personage.*

The veriest straws (like that of father Garnet) are shewn to the world as admirable reliques, if the least strokes of the image of a celebrated author does but seem to be upon them. The press hath been injurious in this kind to the memory of Bishop Andrews, to whom it owed a deep and solemn reverence. It hath sent forth a pamphlet upon an idle subject, under the venerable name of that great man; who (like the grass in hot countries, of which they are wont to say that it groweth hay) was born grave and sober: and, still farther to aggravate the injury, it hath given to that idle subject the idler title of THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE. Lord Bacons works, 1730. Vol. I. (Account of the Edition, p. 180.)

P. 63. l. 5. for beer r. peer.

P. 67. l. 9. for whether r. whither.

P. 68. for LI. r. L. and correct the following numbers accordingly.

Ibid. Some editions] i. e. *The spurious ones published by mr. Bell, bookseller in the Strand.*

Ibid. l. 2. invite] *So the copies; quæ. indite?*

P. 76. l. 3. (of the song) r. Each.

P. 84. after l. 6. r. V. O.

P. 88. Song VII. add BY THE REV. MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

P. 89. Song VIII. add BY THE REV. MR. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 94. Song XIV. l. 3 and 4, guiltless] *So the best copies. It is usually sung guileless, even at Drury-lane theatre. The alteration was probably made by the Composer.*

P. 95. Song XV. for CELEBRATED r. MATCHLESS.

P. 100. Song XVIII. BY HARRY CAREY, who intitles it Mrs. Stuarts Retirement.

P. 101. Song XIX. add BY MR. OTWAY, with this note, In the tragedy of Alcibiades.

P. 105. Song XXIV. BY MR. COFFEY.

P. 108. Song XXVI. *This song was written - not by MR. DODSLEY, but - by a MR. CHARLES HIGHMORE, at his request.*

P. 115. Song XXX. BY MRS. A. WILLIAMS?

P. 117. Song XXXIII. *This song is here printed from the second edition of Davisons poems (1611, 12mo.). Dr. Percy appears to have made use of a later, and, as it should seem, more accurate edition, in 1624, and by his copy (which, could his fidelity be relied on, would have been entirely followed) some palpable mistakes have been rectified. The passages corrected are left distinguished by 'commas.'*

P. 130. Song XXXVII. *This is altered from an older ballad, written by Martin Parker, an early printed copy of which, in black letter, under the title of Saylor's for my money To the tune of the Iouiall Coblér, is in the Pepysian library.*

P. 150. note. for Eales r. Eccles.

P. 157. Song LV. l. 3. for oe'r r. o'er.

P. 160. Song LVII. *Dr. Percy has, among his old ballads, given this excellent song, with his usual correctness, from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum." After it was printed off, as he acquaints us in a note, he saw an ancient black letter copy containing some variations, and intitled, "The merry pranks of Robin-Good-fellow. To the tune of Dulcina, &c." To this copy, says he, were prefixed two wooden cuts of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited on the stage. To gratify the curious he has caused these figures to be very neatly engraved. And his numerous readers seem to have given implicit credit to every thing he has been pleased to tell them. For THEIR better information, however, it may not be impertinent to let them into a few secrets.*

1. The

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

1. The ancient black letter copy of this ballad in the Museum, whence the learned and ingenious editor expressly declares he printed it, has the identical figures and title which he pretends to have afterwards discovered.

2. Neither of the said figures has the slightest connection either with the whimsical character personated in the song, or with stage representation: both of them having been originally designed for, and the identical blocks made use of in Bulwers Artificial Changeling (p. 460 & 472); the first being intended for one of the black and white gallants of Sealebay, adorned with the moon, stars, &c. the other for a hairy savage.

P. 163. l. 13. fet] i. e. fetch.

Whom straunge adventure did from Britaine FET.

Faerie Queene, III. i. 8.

The leacher that had staide —

Impacient of his flame

And beastly heat, to FET the wench

Himselfe in person came.

Turbervilles Tragical Tales. 1587. Hist. 8.

And I wyll go FET hyther a cōpany

That ye shall here thē syng as sweetly

As they were ‘angelles’ clere.

O. Play of The iiiii. elements. Sig. E. iii.

That did the freers from us FET.

Ballad of Luther, &c. Reliques, ii. 117.

It is more generally used for fetched.

P. 163. l. 22. heyday guise] i. e. Heydeguyes, country dances. As in Draytons Poly-Olbion, Song 25.

Dance many a merry round, and many a HYDEGY.

P. 189. note. See a very elegant and particular account of this famous sea fight, in sir John Dalrymples Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 503. and mr. Macphersons History, Vol. II. p. 11.

P. 215. Ballad VII. Is here printed from a copy preserved in Drydens Collection of Miscellaneous Poems: The identical authority, without doubt, which the learned and ingenious editor, or rather author, of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry has there followed; though, from the affected parade of the antiquary, ever studious to conceal the real, if modern, sources of information, it is pretended to be given (with the assistance of his folio MS.) from an old printed copy in the British Museum.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

In the Pepys collection, *says he*, is an imitation of this old song, in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse. *Would any person suspect that the copies in the Museum (for there are two) were no more than much later impressions of this very imitation? But it is even so. The criticism is notwithstanding just. And had the reverend gentleman actually consulted his authority, it is scarcely probable he would have referred to it. The several old pieces preserved in the above Miscellany appear to have been printed with fidelity, at least; and it may be remembered that few black letter copies now extant are more ancient than Mr. Drydens own memory.*

P. 233. l. 22. Shoreditch.] In this particular, at least, either *mrs. Shore*, or the writer who furnished her with the information, is under a small mistake, Shoreditch having existed, by that very name, for some hundreds of years before she was born; being part of, or near to, the great common shore (sewer) or drain of the city.

P. 234. Ballad X. Islington] Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant. PERCY.

P. 237. Ballad XI. The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph, king of England; but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France; whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the kings consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about *A. D. 863*.---See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians. PERCY.

P. 282. Ballad XVI. The reader must necessarily excuse the miserably corrupt state in which the editor is obliged to present this ballad. It has doubtless originally possessed some merit, which, if an older copy than those already consulted should happen to cast up, may hereafter be restored. In the mean time, it may be perused in the utmost perfection in the Reliques of ancient English Poetry. The original composition so judiciously interwoven into this and almost every other old poem in the above elegant collection evinces so much ingenuity, niceness, genius, and critical taste, that the reverend author certainly merits the bays as a poet, as much as he deserves the lash as an editor.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 313. Ballad XXII. *The story of this ballad is to be found in most of the English chronicles under the year 1511.*

P. 322. Ballad XXIII. *The best account of Armstrong, his conduct, capture, and execution,---for, alas! instead of ending his life so gallantly as he is made to do in the song, he was ignobly hanged upon a gallows,--is given by Lindsay of Pitscottie, in his History of Scotland. (Edin. 1727. folio). He is likewise noticed by Buchanan.*

P. 326. Ballad XXIV. *This ballad appears to have been modernized about the time of James or Charles I. from an ancient piece upon the same subject, preserved by Hearne, (Guliel. Neubri. I. lxxxii.) and, thence, (not very faithfully or correctly) printed by Percy, beginning,*

*The Perfe ow't off Northombarlande and a vowe to God mayd he.
An admirable Latin version, written at the command of dr. Compton, bishop of London, by mr. Henry Bold, is inserted among that gentlemen's Latin Songs, and in Drydens Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.*

P. 334. l. 15. *And when they rung the evening bell*

The battle scarce was done.

That is, says Percy, the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock. But this ingenious conjecture happens, unfortunately, to be an egregious mistake. The evening bell is the bell for vespers, or six o'clock prayers, as the learned commentator might have observed in transcribing or printing the original ballad, which expressly tells us, that

when EVEN SONG BELL was rang the battell was nat half done.

That it was formerly looked upon as an uncommon, and, perhaps, irreligious circumstance, for a Christian army to continue engaged after the ringing of this bell, appears from a similar passage in the ancient Spanish romance of TIRANT LO BLANCH (Barcelona, 1497. folio); where it is said, "E continuant toste'ps la batailla era ia quasi hora de vespres, &c." (Capitol clvii.) "L'heure de Vêpres approchoit, & le combat duroit "encore." (Traduc. Fran. i. 293.)



